THE REAL TRAGEDY OF DOUG AND MARY

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

FEB. 10, 1934

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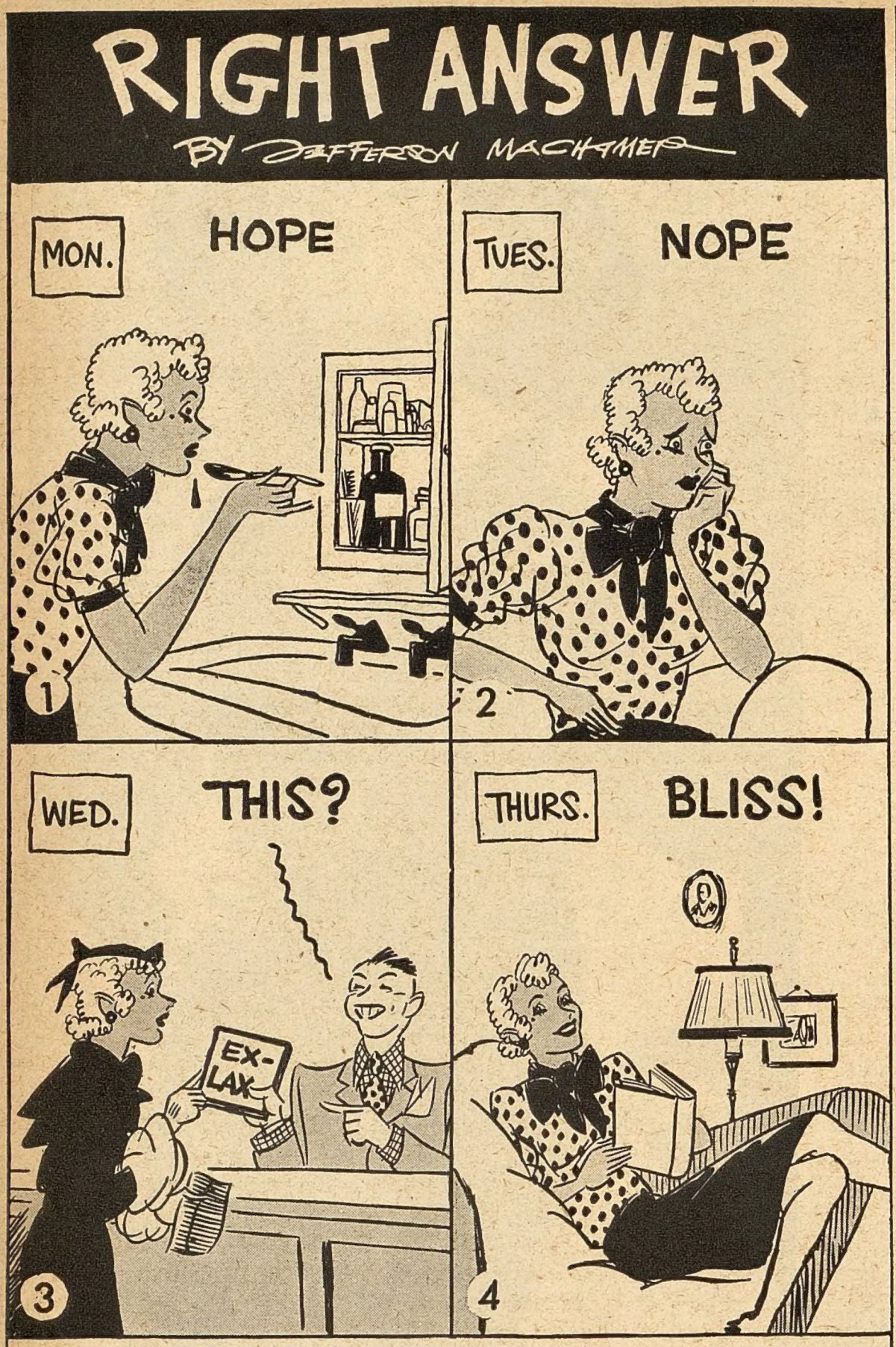

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CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 10, 1934 VOL. 11, No. 6

Editorial 5

Beginning
The Real Tragedy of Doug and Mary
ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 6
An intimate revelation of the things that wrote finis to the twentieth century's most famous love story

Romance!—*A story*..ALLAN SWINTON 10

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1933
NORMAN L. SPER 18

Three Hundred a Month—*A story*
ODGERS T. GURNEE 24

The Sliding Letters Puzzle
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK 28

The Things Men Fear..TALBOT MUNDY 30
The inspiring confessions of one who has fought his own terrors on mountain crags and in jungle depths

The Case of the Howling Dog—*Part V*
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 32

Cave Man, Snow Man, Monster
Movie reviews.....BEVERLY HILLS 39

Twenty Questions..... 41

I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia—*Conclusion*
CAPTAIN JOHN H. NORTON 42
As told to J. B. L. LAWRENCE

To the Ladies!
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 48

What Is the Modern Idea?
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT 49
A famous architect looks into the future

Transient Lady—*Part VIII*
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 50

Cross Word Puzzle..... 57

Vox Pop..... 58

$2,500 Presidents Contest..... 60

A Nice Quiet House—*A short short story*.....JEAN STARK 61

Cover by CHARLES HARGENS

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FEBRUARY 10, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, No. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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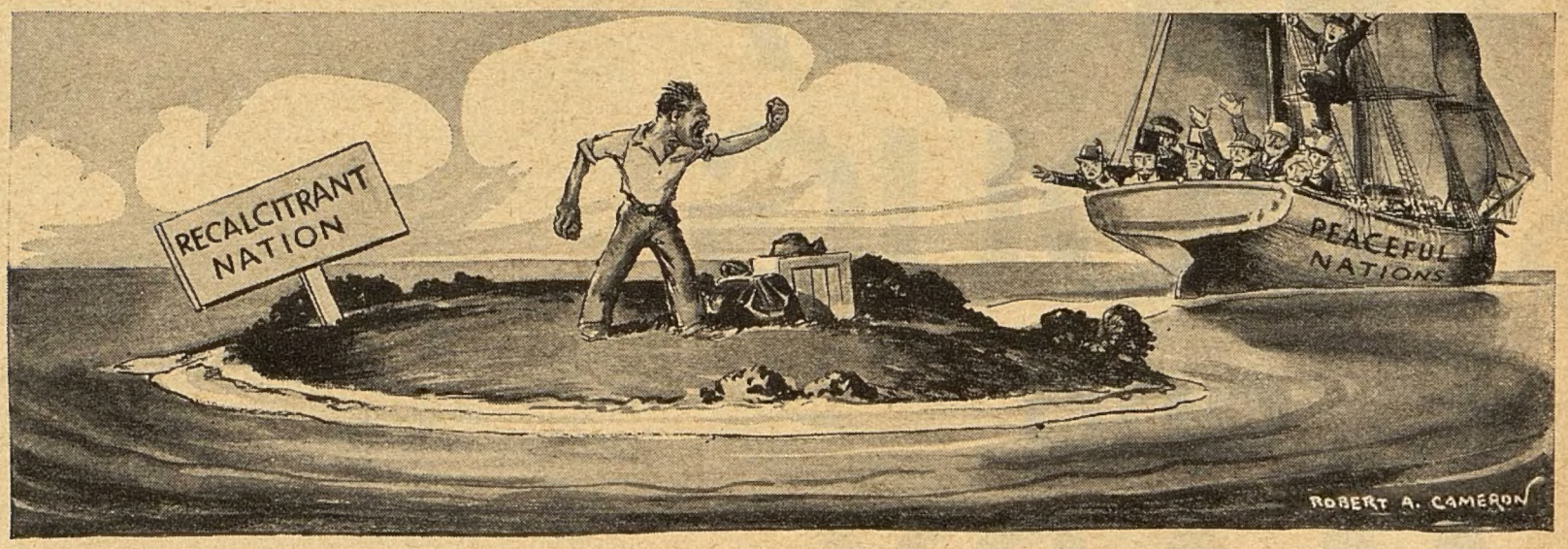
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

A NEW DEAL NEEDED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



PEACE! Peace!! We all want peace!

But we hear everywhere that war cannot be avoided.

A prominent English diplomat recently stated that the general condition of Europe is more unsettled than before the World War.

The World Economic Conference is often referred to as but little more than a joke. The various disarmament conferences might be termed talkfests without worth-while accomplishments.

The League of Nations might be likened to a colossal helpless infant pleading with the nations of the world to cease their warlike efforts.

Surely something can be done to avoid the horrors of another great conflict. And yet the entire world seems helpless in this appalling emergency. It is said that this bloody catastrophe may strike us at any time like a bolt of lightning from the sky.

What the world needs is a New Deal, a Roosevelt who believes in action and more action. We have had too much talk about peace. Surely some influence can bring definite constructive results. All the efforts that have been made to eliminate war have proved ineffective.

But if our President could be induced to grapple with this weighty problem with the force and determination that he has shown in our national affairs something would surely be accomplished.

And there is a dependable method of outlawing war that should be effective.

Put " teeth " in the Kellogg Pact!

All the great nations of the world have signed this agreement to outlaw war. If our President called upon them to agree to a slight modification of this peace pact, war could be barred effectively.

It could be agreed that whenever a nation resorted to war, the combined nations of the world would immediately institute an economic boycott. Such a nation would be considered an outlaw and all international rights and privileges previously possessed would be annulled. Recalcitrant nations would be treated as we would treat individual criminals. No mail nor merchandise should be received or sent to them. They should be boycotted, shut off from the civilized world.

Such a penalty would make war impossible, or at least it could last but a few days; for such national conflicts cannot be carried on without money.

And an economic boycott would avoid the wholesale murder which is associated with warfare.

All international commercial arteries of such a nation could be cut, all supplies from outside their own country stopped.

If two nations were at war and the officials of one nation were willing to abide by the modified principles of the Kellogg Peace Pact and were willing to submit to arbitration, then the attacking and offensive nation would alone be penalized.

Perhaps our President is bold enough to carry a New Deal of this nature into world affairs.

Millions upon millions of human lives were destroyed, billions upon billions of the world's treasure were lost in the last World War. Another colossal catastrophe would wipe out civilization.

Why not a New Deal throughout the world?

Maybe our President can write a prescription that will outlaw war for all time to come.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4

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Beginning—

The Real Tragedy of DOUG and MARY

An Intimate Revelation of the Things that Wrote Finis to the Twentieth Century's Most Famous Love Story

(Reading time: 15 min. 5 sec.)

PART ONE—"AN END AND A BEGINNING"

UPON a March day in 1920, a cold bright day of California spring, Douglas Fairbanks, the dark and dashing hero of the screen, handed the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher a little Bible that had belonged to his mother.

"I'd like you to read the passage about husbands and wives from St. Paul to the Ephesians," he said, and his voice shook a little.

There came to his side a slim young creature with soft golden curls—as lovely a bride as ever waited starry-eyed and breathless to hear the sacred words.

As Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford stood together, the mellow voice of the noted churchman read:

"'Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.'"

Then Doug and Mary were married.

"Wheretofore, plaintiff prays judgment that the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant be dissolved."

Thirteen years later, upon December 9, 1933, those words brought to an end the greatest love story of modern times. Cold legal words, they clothe in gray uniform the story of a great tragedy and a great glory—of an end and a beginning.

With them, all hope of a reconciliation is over. Doug and Mary will not go down in the immortal annals of great lovers. Their love, history will record, died before their hearts stopped beating. Yet they lived a thrilling romance in their own day, and though they have parted, that love is still enshrined in their souls behind the silence that neither will now break. The silence that hides their tragedy.

It is part of the new Mary Pickford that she does not deny it. "I love my husband. Divorce from some one you love as tenderly and as dearly as I have loved Douglas for fourteen years is an almost unbearable thought." That is what Mary said some months ago when she was finally driven to announce their separation.

For ten years nothing in life would have seemed so incredible to Mary as that she and Douglas might part. To be with her now is to realize that she is lost, that she can hardly believe this new era that finds her without Douglas at her side, without Douglas as a permanent part of her scheme of things. She doesn't talk about it. But you can see it plainly in her eyes, hear it in her voice, sense it in her every movement.

To understand what she is suffering today it is necessary to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of the married life of Mary and Doug; to know the price Mary paid for that love and her own deep reverence for the sacredness of marriage. And now it can all be told and should be.

For Mary is beginning life over again. Suffering but undefeated, hurt but courageous.

And the tragedy of this broken love story is glowing with the strange fact that Mary today is *happy*.

I have been with her often and watched her. I have been with her at Pickfair for long hours when we talked alone, before this thing became news to the whole world; when she was still hoping it might be averted; when all her friends said, "Oh, Douglas will come to his senses." I have been with her in New York since the crash.

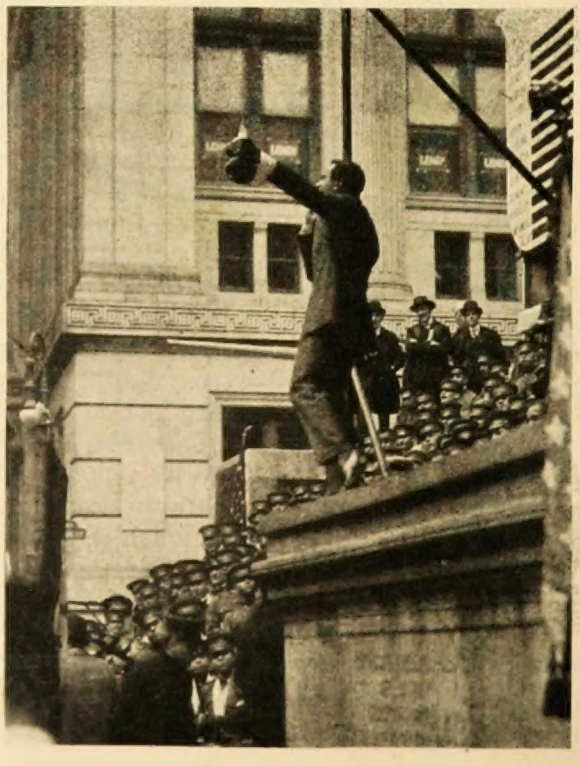
And I *know* that she is happy.

It isn't a make-believe happiness. It isn't just the gallant attitude you would expect from Mary Pickford. She *is* happy—a deep and poignant happiness that reaches out and touches you and makes you happy too. So that you find yourself caught somewhere between laughter and tears.

For Mary Pickford, the girl who gave up her religion for love once upon a time, will tell you quite simply that she has at last found God—a God of hope that makes the future bright and beautiful.

Mary Pickford today has, if I may quote Vash Young, "fortune to share." And she is so eager to share it!

We were lunching together one day in her suite at the Sherry-Netherland in New York



U. & U. News photo

Doug in wartime, speaking in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive from the steps of the Sub-Treasury in New York City.

just after the news of her separation from Douglas had been made public. The talk drifted to this new religion of hers.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," Mary said softly, "if every one in the world began thinking and talking and acting as though peace and happiness and health and harmony were theirs to command? Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all began to think as though we had unlimited power to control our own destinies? As though our thoughts were things, and under an immutable law would become manifest for good? Why, it wouldn't be long until unhappiness and disease and suffering and poverty were swept right off the face of the earth!

"There is such a law, you know. Thousands of people everywhere now are experimenting in this laboratory of spiritual thought. And proving day by day that the power of thought is the greatest thing on earth.

"'*Prove* me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' I'm just one of the experimenters, but I'm proving it. And the window that opens is our own enlightenment in the Truth—the truth of our birthright that we have doubted so long.

"Oh, it's worth the experiment! Just try it. And pretty soon you prove that your life is a mirror that mirrors back to you the manifestation of your own thoughts; that your outer existence corresponds with your inner thoughts and convictions."

Acme photos

Mary at the height of her lonely fame as "America's sweetheart." At left, with her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, whom she idolized.

WHAT a long way, I thought as I listened, little Gladys Smith has come upon the amazing journey of her life! What a long way from the days when, a child of twelve, she rented not a room but a *chair*—a morris chair in which she slept in a New York parlor while she waited to see the great Belasco, who named her Mary Pickford! What a long way from the days when I first knew her, in the old studio back of the Los Angeles car barns—a little girl with long curls, carrying the burden of a family and trying so hard to be grown-up! What a long way from that Thanksgiving dinner when she and her little brother Jack had a fight, and Mary hit Jack over the head with the turkey and there wasn't any dinner!

Some of her closest friends have said to me, "Just what is Mary going to do with her life now?"

There is talk of the stage, of more pictures, of directing pictures, of writing, of producing either in the theater or the movies. But Mary doesn't seem to have found herself. She seems to be struggling for a new medium of expression. It is my belief that Mary Pickford, whom the world has always loved, will within our time become one of the great religious leaders of our century.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Mary Pickford's is the perfect Cinderella story. She was the poor little girl who knew nothing but hard work and struggle and whom the fairy godmother of public adulation changed into a princess—and Douglas Fairbanks was the Prince Charming, the only Prince Charming who ever came into her life.

Their love story didn't begin peacefully. Until the days when Mary began to see her marriage with Douglas falling into ashes, the greatest agony of spirit she ever endured was in the days before she married him.

When they met in 1918, when they went together upon that thrilling Liberty Loan drive, they were both married.

Mary had been separated from Owen Moore, the handsome young Irishman whom she had married when she was only seventeen and he was her leading man, for over a year. And for a long time before that she had been miserably unhappy. There had been separations and

reconciliations, quarrels and forgiveness, and always a desperate fight on the girl's part against her husband's besetting weakness.

In those years there had been many times when Mary, with her inexperience and her loyalty, had seen no way out of the misery—when she had clung to her mother in desperation, sobbing wildly, crying out hysterically, "I wish I was dead!" There had been a long illness and a serious operation, when for weeks her very life hung in the balance and when a great fear descended upon her which never quite lifted.

But Mary's religion forbade divorce.

To Mary that was final.

It wasn't until 1920, it wasn't until three years after she left Owen forever, that she could bring herself to take the trip to Nevada and stand before a judge and ask for freedom.

U. & U. News photo

Owen Moore, the first husband of Mary Pickford, as he looked in 1920 at the time when she sued in Nevada for a divorce.

Behind the Mary of those early days, I always see her mother, Charlotte Pickford.

Above the mantel in Mary's silvery bedroom at Pickfair is a portrait of Charlotte. It looks down with wise kind eyes and sometimes you think the lips will open and speak. I said that to Mary once. And Mary smiled.

"The picture doesn't need to speak," she said. "She speaks to me every day—because I always know what she would say if she were still with me."

It was to Charlotte, then the guiding star of her existence and the idol of her heart, that Mary clung while she was married to Owen. And she still clung to her in those momentous hours after she had left him, after she had met and loved Douglas Fairbanks. But with a difference—because for the first and only time Mary and her mother were no longer in complete accord. And that was to add to the sorrows that tore Mary's heart during that amazing courtship.

They met and fell in love, Doug and Mary, during the Liberty Loan drive of 1918. Because they were neither of them free, they called it friendship. But once it had happened, it seemed to them and to every one who knew them to have been destined from the beginning of time.

MARY had never known romance nor love-making. Owen Moore was, strangely enough for an Irishman, both inarticulate with words and shy of gestures. He was backward with all the little things that girls love.

One night when they were going to a little party, Mary came down the stairs in a new dress. It was quite the loveliest dress she had ever owned—white and shining; and her golden curls were heaped up on her head. She stood a moment, waiting with eager eyes for some word from her husband.

Owen Moore looked at her a moment and said, "You look like something on top of a birthday cake!" Mary tried to smile, missed it, and ran back to her room in tears.

Oh, a very little thing. But every woman will understand what it meant, on top of all the other heartaches. Their marriage was like that—day after day.

And so little Mary, separated from him at last, disillusioned about marriage, had given up all thoughts of love, had resigned herself to her fame and her work, had given all her devotion to her brother Jack, her sister Lottie, her adored mother.

Of course she was the most famous woman in the world. And she was alone in her fame. She was the first and greatest of the great motion-picture stars. Now we have many. But no one has ever achieved the single throne that was Mary Pickford's. Times have swept by and it is no longer possible. But in many ways it was a lonely grandeur; she lived in the prison of her own fame.

She was like some royal maiden whom no man might approach.

Then, in the midst of all the turmoil and drama of the war, the excitement and the bands and the flag-waving, when emotions were keyed to the highest pitch, when Mary Pickford, a patriot to her finger tips, was swept out of her mystery for a while to play a part in world affairs, she met a man named Douglas Fairbanks.

He was gay, he was vibrant, he was an active, dashing figure. He swept everything before him. He made jokes, he laughed, he played pranks, and he was never still. He dramatized everything, and Mary had always been practical; she had had to be. He dashed through crowds—and Mary was so terribly, dreadfully afraid of crowds. He made brilliant speeches—and Mary had to call up every ounce of her patriotism and courage to say a word.

He was D'Artagnan come to life, riding in a swift car or airplane instead of upon a prancing steed.

THEY traveled about the country upon their great mission—and they fell in love.

Douglas Fairbanks was married then to Beth Sully, the mother of young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The marriage hadn't been a particularly happy one. So they had separated; she had remained in the East, he had come to Hollywood to seek his fortune—and had found it.

Also, in Mary Pickford he had found romance.

There came a crisis in the lives of these two, a crisis that went on behind the scenes of Liberty Loan drives, of the founding of the great United Artists corporation by Mary and Doug and Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffith in 1919, behind the dazzling success of their great public careers.

They had been content to drift, they had not perhaps been harassed by the marriages that had ceased to be actual marriage any longer. Neither had wanted to be free for any great reason.

Now, suddenly, they wanted to be free more than anything else in the world. They wanted to be free to marry and to take up their lives together. They were madly in love—and madly happy in their love. Mary had found her Prince Charming, and Douglas his enchanted princess.

Mary was twenty-five. Douglas was thirty-five. Both were world figures—famous, rich, successful. Yet they were like two young things who had perceived the glory of love for the first time and knew that they had never loved before.

In March, 1919, Beth Sully Fairbanks, with quiet dignity and understanding, sued for a divorce—and Douglas was free.

But for Mary it was not so simple.

Two things she faced with a sinking heart, though bravely and openly.

One was her religion, which forbade divorce.

The other was her great and glorious career.

It wasn't what divorce might do to her, to her career, that distressed her most. It was actually what such a divorce might do to the millions of people who loved her, who held her as an ideal.

In many ways Mary Pickford is the most sensitive person I have ever known. And she isn't sensitive only to what people do to her, but to what she does to other people. And in the long ago she had a great and terrific sense of responsibility.

When she was contemplating a divorce, she would suddenly begin to cry, remembering all the school children in Chicago who had lined the streets dressed all in white as she passed along, had looked up to her with innocent worship—Mary, their idol.

Mary Pickford mixed up in a divorce, maybe a scandal. How could she do it?

U. & U. News photo

Doug and "little Mary" and Charlie Chaplin in a Big Three appeal for contributions for French and Belgian war orphans.

THERE were many conferences in those days with her mother and her most trusted advisers. And it almost broke Mary's heart to see that her mother was against the step. Her business advisers felt sure that a divorce would ruin Mary's career. The public would never forgive her.

And from her earliest childhood Mary had been deeply and honestly religious. Every one who knows her knows that.

Her beloved public, her mother, her religion—all seemed against the great love that had come into her heart.

And she knew she had to make a momentous decision.

Gossip was beginning to weave about Mary and Doug. The newspapers were hammering at her day and night—was she going to marry Douglas Fairbanks? They were afraid of publicity, and soon they found themselves in an old rattletrap Ford, the famous Pickford curls hidden under an old straw hat, the famous Fairbanks countenance disguised with glasses and a beard.

Of course it was, in its way, grand fun. And those drives about the beautiful California countryside in their flivver, when Doug had to remove his false whiskers for stolen kisses and Mary looked like her own comic character, when they were no longer Mary and Doug pursued by a frantic press but just two sweethearts out courting, were divine larks which neither ever forgot.

But they couldn't go on.

Remembering those days, remembering Mary and Doug as they were then, it seems almost impossible that today they are parted.

Mary and Doug!

How did Lady Sylvia Ashley, the most beautiful blonde in Europe, the idol of London night-club society even though her august father-in-law had always refused to recognize her—how did Sylvia Ashley get into this story?

HOW did Buddy Rogers, slim, dark, handsome young Buddy, idolized by the flappers, get into this great romance?

They came in, impossible as it may seem, through the broken walls of the garden of love in which Mary and Doug began their romance. Walls that broke pitifully, unexpectedly, walls which they hammered down themselves.

But meanwhile Mary, faced with her great decision, couldn't see into the future. She only knew at last that she could not give Douglas up, any more than she could tell her heart to stop beating.

In March, 1920, Gladys May Moore brought suit for divorce against Owen Moore in Minden, Nevada, and on the witness stand in a quiet broken voice told for the first time the story of those years of wretchedness.

In the same month Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were married.

What lay before them upon that royal road to romance? What would it bring to Mary Pickford, who had sacrificed everything else in the world, so she believed, to love? To Douglas Fairbanks, who had stolen America's sweetheart as a dashing hero might, and who loved her so much that he wanted no one else in the world to see her or touch her hand?

What would be the end of the trail for these two most famous lovers?

A "celebrity complex" and other temperamental differences that were to make possible a rift between Doug and Mary will be revealed by Miss St. Johns in next week's installment.

Acme photo

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with his mother, Mrs. James Evans, about the time when he made his début upon the screen.

He Might Have Stepped Out of a Story-Book; She Was Looking for Adventure. . . . . Here's a Lively Tale of Dreams Come True

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Kuppke and Haight fought like animals, the two women spell-bound in the doorway, watching.

Romance!

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

A STRING of motor cars drew up along the Calle Lopez in San Vedador, and from them swarmed a crowd of tourists who poured chattering into the Hotel San Miguel. Among them was a tall lissom girl in apple green, with honey-colored hair, eyes of clear gray, and a firm delicately molded chin, who headed for a quiet corner, where she relaxed with relief into a wicker chair. After the long drive in the dust and the sun the cool was exquisite, and she was tired and dispirited.

Rowena Hume had always been romantic. And from her earliest memory she had nursed the determination somehow to extricate herself from the dull round of office life in Seattle and enter upon one more satisfying to her emotions.

To this end she had saved her money grimly till she could finance the adventure she had selected from those within her ken as most likely to bear the kind of fruit she hungered for—a trip to New York via Panama and the West Indies, touching en route at a dozen glamorous-sounding ports. But by the time she had reached the Central American republic of San Vedador on the return journey she had for some time been combating the growing fear that all her efforts and her dreams had been ridiculous.

The passengers on the ship were friendly, generous, and decent, but except as to their greater means no different from her own home circle.

In such unromantic company she had been transported to strange interesting places. That was all. Nothing happened.

She looked round the hotel dejectedly. The patio, to which on one side the lounge was open, was tiled in yellow, rose, and peacock blue, with a fountain in the center and lilies growing in the corners, and on the high wall a trumpet vine with long festoons of orange blossom, round which butterflies and humming birds maintained a jeweled fluttering. It seemed drowsy, aloof, ancient.

A group of Quiché Indians, picturesquely clad and bearing guitars and violins, were gathering in the full glare of the sun, and soon struck up the wildest, weirdest, gladdest music Rowena had ever heard. The small brown men sang, too. From their hearts, it seemed to her, their music came. Her weariness lifted.

But the flat voice of the man from Milwaukee cut through her rapture as he dropped into the seat beside her and mopped his shining brow. "Whee-ew! Hot outside, I'll say! Some orchestra. They'd make a killing in a real town, an' no foolin'."

He meant well; and she had long ago given up her initial efforts to avoid or rebuff tactfully the fat Rotarian who manufactured coffins.

By

ALLAN SWINTON

The man of coffins said, "I shan't be sorry to see lunch come up, either. Say, look here! How about a bottle of this vin blonk? You haven't let me buy you a drink since we started. An' it's the last wet port. Why don't you?"

Why not indeed? There was no such thing as practical romance.

True, there had been the moment just now ruthlessly destroyed forever by Sam Griffin. And there had been the tall tanned man, so graceful in his shabby riding things, who leaned in the doorway of a roadside cantina and laughed over his shoulder. He might have stepped straight out of the kind of book she liked the best. But he had not looked her way and the car had whirled her on.

Better take what the gods *did* provide, and make the most of the remaining five days on the palatial vessel with the black-and-green funnels, waiting at anchor in San Mateo Bay, far down past the green jungle slopes below.

Rowena smiled at Griffin. "Thank you very much. I think that would be nice."

His pale eyes beamed behind his spectacles and he ejaculated: "*Attagirl*! Hi! Here, boy. *s'il vous plait*—hell, no, that's French! *Yo quiero*—"

The wine was lemon-hued and clear and cool. The music of the small brown men soared on, and from the sun-baked flowers in the patio a rare sweet perfume reached her. Rowena reclined with eyes half closed and let her feelings dominate her. She made no protest when her glass was filled again.

The man from Milwaukee said, "Say, look there. Lunch is on. Come on. Bring your glass." He stood up eagerly. Then his eyes popped with surprise to see for the first time on her face the anger and rebellion which he had aroused in her.

SOME of the passengers were dancing. There were three men at a table, local men obviously, from their tanned faces and their air of familiarity with the place. Two of them were Latins; but the third was tall, lean, and blond, with a splendid figure and a roving eye that for some time had been on Rowena with appreciation. He got up now and came across. His eyes were blue, his close-cropped hair was yellow, and his handsome face brown as a nut. He bore himself like a soldier. Bowing slightly to her escort, more deeply to her, he said with the suspicion of a foreign accent, "May I haf the pleasure of a dance with you? It is not often here in San Vedador that we haf such a charming visitor."

Rowena looked at the man from Milwaukee, with his round shining face, his shapeless Palm Beach suit, his belly, and the bottle in his hand. She thought, Five days more—Then she smiled and stood up. "Please don't wait lunch for me, Mr. Griffin." Leaving poor Sam popeyed and chagrined, she went into the stranger's arms.

He danced divinely. Tall though she was, her head did not reach his chin. He did not talk; he danced—as though he too were concerned with the extraction of every particle of pleasure from the music and the rhythm.

As the music died her partner murmured, "It was most generous of you to forgive my presumption. I could not resist—"

Rowena smiled but did not answer. She was alone with her emotion.

Afterward he led her to a table far from her own, by a lily clump on the edge of the patio. He called for wine—another of those long-shouldered flasks of bottled sunshine.

They had stood up for the fourth dance when a bantering voice behind her said: "You seem to have options on *everything* in these parts, Kuppke. Lady, will you do me the honor?"

Kuppke's blue eyes hardened as Rowena turned to face the newcomer. It was the man who had leaned so gracefully in the cantina doorway, laughing, and he had changed from his shabby khaki riding things into clean ducks. He was a half head shorter than her partner; his brown hair was

thick and curly; his mouth lilted at one corner and his eyes were boyish.

Kuppke said, smiling imperturbably: "To possess is better than to hold options, Haight, as you haf cause to know."

"Exactly," Johnny Haight replied. He slipped between the two and without protest from Rowena glided off with her.

It was different, dancing with this man, from dancing with the other. It was impossible to treat him merely as atmosphere. She was acutely conscious of his arm about her, of the twinkle in his hazel eyes which she had seen when he took her in his arms. She had never met a man who so affected her before.

When the music stopped, Haight glanced at his wrist watch and groaned. "Lady," he said, "I was on my way to a date that I can't break without lettin' some one down. You'll understand that, won't you? But I'll be back pronto as soon as I'm through. Won't you give me the first when I get back, and all the rest after that?"

She said, "Come back and see."

"You want to go—there?" He indicated Kuppke, cool and debonair at his table, dubiously. It was Kuppke or the coffin-maker. And there would be five whole days of *him* soon to begin.

Kuppke rose as they came, and Haight bowed himself away. The tall man with the splendid figure told her, "I haf taken the liberty of ordering lunch; something very special, for us."

They danced every dance. They finished the wine between them, and with their coffee Kuppke ordered an exquisite liqueur. He was a coffee planter, he told her, descendant of those German aristocrats who colonized Central America in the early nineteenth century and have dominated there ever since. He was polished, interesting, suave. By the time lunch was over Rowena's mind was very far from Sam Griffin and her Seattle office. But Haight, with the lilt of his lip and the laughing eyes, did not reappear. Yet she was still conscious of the place where his hand had rested on her shoulder.

It was near time for the cars to leave for the ship. She was very warm from dancing, and in the crowded time since returning from the drive had had no opportunity to freshen herself. She left Kuppke, and upstairs a placid-faced Indian girl with sleek black hair showed her to a bedroom. Her feet were sore from the hot hard tiles, and suddenly her head began to swim. She lay down for a minute, just to close her eyes.

WHEN she opened them again she felt cool and rested, though her mouth was dry and she had a slight headache. She had, she realized, been rather longer than she had intended, and making a hurried toilet she went down at once. Descending the stairs, she was conscious of a silence in the place, and when she turned the corner saw that it was empty. Startled, she looked at the clock, and her heart seemed to stop. Half past four! Half *past* FOUR! Why, the ship sailed at four!

In panic she hurried to the desk, where a small yellow man leaned, picking his teeth. She ejaculated: "Is that clock right? Where is everybody from the ship?"

The clerk called over his shoulder and a pockmarked stocky man with black curls waddled out and regarded her dispassionately.

"Tour party gone. Thee boat sails at four."

"B-but it can't possibly have! They wouldn't leave me behind."

Señor Gomez shrugged indifferently and his gaze wandered.

"I'd have to wait here till the next boat. That's two whole weeks, and I haven't any bags or anything. Oh, how could they have been so careless?"

The manager bowed. "Four dollar day, cash in advance."

"I couldn't pay in advance. How could I be prepared for this? I've hardly any money. But I'll write home at once. The bill will be all right."

"Cash in advance, four dollar day."

The insolent indifference in his tone steadied her. She said in a matter-of-fact and most determined voice: "Understand me, please. I've been left behind from the party by some accident. I've neither bags nor money. But of course the steamer company will be responsible. You'll have to take me here till I can communicate with San Mateo."

"'Ow do I know 'oo you are? Nobody was ever lef' be'ind before. I saw the courier counting every one before the cars go." He smiled slimily. "Lots ladees sometimes get stranded without money. We do not take them 'ere. They get along. In the city there are places—"

A tall figure dressed in white came strolling across the patio from some inner room. It was Kuppke.

"Why, Miss Hume, whatever—"

She blushed to her ears at the confession that she had to make, for she knew that the wine was responsible.

"My *dear* girl. It's lucky I dropped in for a drink on my way home. I shall arrange everything."

He addressed the manager volubly in Spanish and the greasy little man became all smiles and deprecation.

KUPPKE said: "He says he has definite orders to extend no credit to strangers. He tenders his apologies. Now, won't you please come with me to the *finca*, and consider my house your own till you can make your arrangements? I shall be most happy. There is everything there that you could want—of my wife's, who is dead. And there is a maid of hers on the place."

"Oh, but I *couldn't*."

"That is as you wish. Of course I shall be happy to make myself responsible for your bill here, and to provide you with any cash you may need, if you will permit. You will pay me when the ship comes in, of course."

"Oh, how *kind* you are! I don't know what to say. It's the most fearful mess."

"There is nothing whatever to be concerned about. And you must make the most of your enforced stay in San Vedador. Could I not persuade you to change your decision about coming to the *finca?* It is beautiful. There is much to see."

Her dreams *were* coming true. Opportunity *had* happened. Was she going to deny it?

She swallowed and said—if in a rather small and halting voice, "Oh, thank you. I should love it. And of course I shall pay for everything."

For half an hour they drove in a smart car on brick-red roads through lush thick-scented jungle, past wide plantations of papaya, coffee, and bananas, and little thatch-roofed villages, till out of a shady drive through old iron gates they came to a low rambling house with a thick thatched roof drowsing in a luxuriant and gorgeous garden.

Within, the house was cool and gracious, replete with the marks of care and taste. Kuppke led her to an inner door and opened it. "This is your room. If you will excuse me, I will send for the maid I mentioned." He left her, closing the door behind him.

Rowena Hume, the lawyer's clerk who dreamed of romance, stood very still in the middle of the great bedroom and gazed around her. The floor was tiled in terra cotta, with Indian rugs here and there. There was a great canopied four-poster bed which, with the chairs, wardrobes, and dressing tables, was of mahogany. It was all massive, old, carved, and scarred, the scars polished to the texture of the general surface. Through the window she saw the garden: a smoke-blue jacaranda tree against an emerald-velvet lawn. Framing her window was an enormous jasmine, the sour-sweet perfume of whose myriad blossoms filled the room.

There was a knock at the door and an Indian girl entered, who curtsied smiling, and spoke in Spanish, then went to the wardrobes and began to take out clothes for her inspection. There were dresses, shawls, mantillas, underwear, combs—all too ornate and silken, too gorgeous, too much embroidered, too heavy, reeking with some sultry perfume.

There was a chattering beyond an outer door, and opening it the Quiché girl revealed a file of Indian boys, each with a steaming water jar, which he emptied into a huge round earthen pan in the middle of a naked blue-and-yellow-tiled bathchamber.

The evening following was like an act from the kind of

Walking beside him she learned that he was an archæologist working on Maya ruins.

play she liked the best. She wore a heavy black-and-scarlet shawl to augment her own simple dress; and the effect of the clear soft green against it, and rising from its luridness the white cameo of her neck and face topped by her heavy dull-gold hair, would have delighted any artist.

They dined by candlelight on mirrorlike mahogany, off exquisite old china, glass, and silver. Her host was suave, confident, talking to her of men and things. Afterward he sat at a grand piano and sang, in a rich barytone, old splendid songs of Saxony.

It was late when she stood up and left him, entering rather breathlessly her room, where a lamp burned by the bed, making but a yellow pool in the surrounding dusk. Outside, the night things shrilled and throbbed.

Held by a sense of unreality, she undressed and donned the plainest nightgown she could find—thick yellow silk, embroidered and tucked, and reeking with its sultry perfume.

Now she felt very lonely, even a little scared. She wished the Indian maid were with her. There was opening off the bedroom a small boudoir with a couch in it, and becoming now aware of some one moving therein, she called, "Manee—oh, Manee." When the girl came she would ask for water—she had enough new-learned Spanish for that.

The boudoir door opened and a woman entered. But it was not Manee. It was a fat white woman in a yellow dressing gown, with a mass of black hair low on her neck, great hollow eyes, and wide red mouth. She laid her finger on her lips for silence—"Sh-h-h-h-h-h."

Rowena saw that when she was young she had been very beautiful. She thrust her face into Rowena's and hissed:

"Leesten me. I am come to tell you to get out. Do you hear? Get out. Thees place ees mine—all of eet, everything."

She clutched the front of the yellow night gown and twisted up her hand in it. "Because I am fat he throw me out. Fifteen years I leeve here with heem, and he throw me out. But I know he will want me back. I have been with heem too long. I wait, that is all, and he will have me back. But if he brings another, that ees different. So I am come to tell you to get out. Tomorrow! You 'ear? Tomorrow! Eef you are 'ere tomorrow night—" She snatched from her bosom a long slim dagger, a mere bodkin, that gleamed evilly in the yellow light. "You go tomorrow, eh?"

Rowena said, "Don't be a fool. Put that thing down. I'm just waiting here till the boat goes. I don't want—"

BOTH their heads went up as down the drive and past the house swept the sound of a horse and pulled up violently under the porte-cochère. The woman stood with her big head up, like some jungle beast, one hand gripping the stiletto, the other locked in Rowena's nightgown. They heard a voice—a voice to Rowena strangely familiar—say: "Hello, Kuppke! I just thought I'd drop in."

Kuppke answered, "That is an honor which you do not often accord me—and so *very* late in the evening."

"There's not often such good reason, Kuppke," the newcomer countered in a bantering tone which yet made clear its hidden inference. And Rowena realized with a jump at her heart that it was Haight, the man whose hand on her shoulder she could still remember.

"May I ask just what you mean?" Kuppke inquired silkily.

"You've a guest, haven't you? I heard my servants talking. They were—amused."

"I have." The tone expressed, moreover, that Kuppke's guests could be no concern of Haight's.

"And I also happen to have heard that when the conductor of the steamer party was searching for that missing lady, *you* told him that you had arranged to drive her down to catch the boat and that he need not concern himself with her. That's how come she got left behind!"

Rowena's mouth went dry. This Kuppke had done that? Oh, what a simpleton she'd been! She said furiously, "Let go! Do you hear? Let me get my clothes."

"Keep steel!"

Kuppke said, "Now, I've stood a lot from you, Haight, since you came interfering with your damned diggers to this country. But you can go too far. Now you get out!"

"Steady, Kuppke. Might as well see reason. We'll take her back to the hotel together, and we'll both go on the bill—till she pays it back, as she will. In cash, not the way you figured."

"Get *out!*"

There was the scrape of a chair thrust back, the sound of a blow, splintering crashes, and then the tense muffled sound of furious struggling. The woman released her hold on Rowena and darted through the bedroom door and through the house to the veranda, Rowena hard after her.

Rolling among upturned chairs and tables, Kuppke and Haight fought like two animals in inarticulate fury, silent save for their grunts and gasps of supreme exertion. The two women crouched spellbound in the doorway, watching.

There was a sharp *smack* as a fist snatched free and struck a clean blow. Then one man was prone on his back with the other firmly astride his writhing body. The man on top was Haight. His eyes were laughing still—though with the hard joy of fight this time—as his hands closed on the throat of Kuppke. Rowena saw the muscles bulge beneath his coat as he clamped his crooked fingers.

ALLAN SWINTON

the author of this story, started writing in 1924 and for three years straight sold everything he wrote. He was born in England and was educated there. He spent some time as a tea planter in upper Assam, fought through the war, and retired as major with decorations and heavy disability. After the war he migrated to Canada and has lived there ever since, his present home being on Vancouver Island.

THE woman in the yellow wrapper spat out in sibilant Spanish some malediction, and shot forward with a swift crouching glide, the stiletto raised for his back. A prone chair made her stumble, and in that instant Rowena leaped forward and flung herself upon the upraised arm. Locked in combat, they fell heavily, to thrash among the débris with the men. Rowena was flung to and fro, panting and dizzy. But, gripping the arm that held that wicked blade, she set her teeth and hung on desperately.

At last the arm she held stopped struggling and she heard Haight say: "Let go now, Nita. D'you hear? Let go, you hell-cat!" She opened her eyes to see him bending over them, forcing the woman's fingers from the dagger hilt.

Rowena staggered to her feet as the woman, Nita, rose and ran across to Kuppke, lying still and twisted by a broken chair, with blood trickling from his mouth. She crouched at his side, taking his inert head on to her knee and crooning over it with passionate tenderness.

Haight, disheveled and with a swollen lip, said, "Lady, you just run along and get your things on. We'll go over to my camp and grab another horse and then light out for San Vedador."

When she emerged inside five minutes, fully dressed, Haight was in the doorway to the veranda, with a long iron candelabra gripped suggestively in his hand. In the yellow light of the wall lamps, Kuppke stood glowering and dabbing at his bloody lip, with the woman adoring and suppliant beside him, her great brown eyes fixed on his face.

"All set?" Haight asked.

She replied, "All set."

"Let's go, then. Sorry, Kuppke. But you really shouldn't have, you know."

"We shall be even, yet."

"Maybe, Kuppke, maybe. Glad to try any time. Any time at all, but not just now."

He took Rowena's hand and led her down the three steps into the flower-scented dark. "I've a *caballo* wandering around here somewhere," he observed conversationally, "unless he's gone home by himself. He ain't no Man-o'-War, but he'll do. In the fence corner here, I fancy. Ha! Here we are. Come up, Lothario. Now you hop on him, lady. The tropic night will appease the conventions. We've two awkward miles to go."

She was aware of warmth within her at his friendliness, just as she had *(Continued on page seventeen)*

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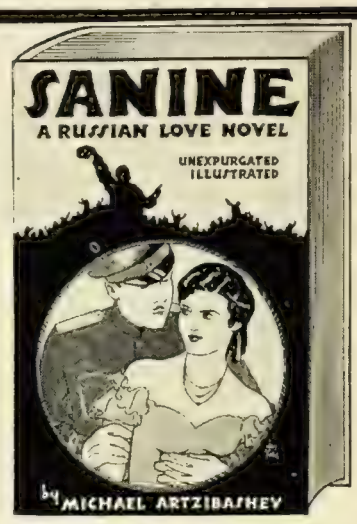

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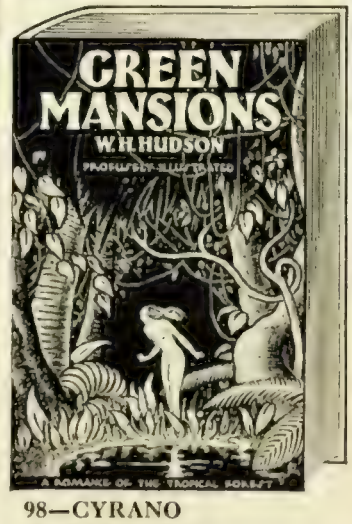

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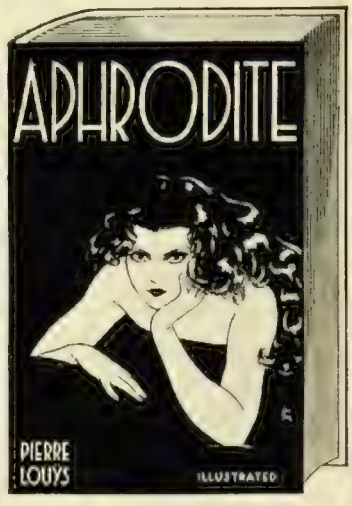

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(Continued from page fourteen)

been in the hotel.

"I'd much rather walk, if you don't mind. I love walking"—which was true.

"O.K., then. Better take the bridle and he'll keep you on the trail."

Walking beside him through a fantastic gloom—with the jungle by the road at times merely sensed, at times outlined in glittering fireflies, with the *zig-zig-zig* of frogs and insects, with strange new odors, and the feathered heads of palms black against star-pricked sky—she learned that he was an archæologist working on Maya ruins in a jungle hillside.

At last he touched her arm and said, "There—off to the right and up a bit. You see my fires on the hill? We'll get some coffee there and another horse and you'll soon be fixed up safe and sound again."

They had turned off the road and up a narrow path when she became aware of something queer about him. His footsteps sounded ragged.

There was a soft impact on the earth beside her, at which the horse shied, breaking away from her, and galloped up into the camp. She said sharply, "Mr. Haight! Mr. *Haight!*"

There was no answer, and as she stepped toward him in the dark she stumbled over something soft and heavy. He was huddled motionless on the ground, and when she shook him and called to him he did not respond. He was inert as a sack of meal.

With her heart in her mouth she shouted in the direction of the lights: *"Please! Quickly! Help! Help!"*

A little man came running with a lantern. "Yess, yess. What iss?"

"Mr. Haight. He just fell down." The newcomer—in the yellow light he bore she saw he was a Filipino with grotesquely protruding teeth—dropped to his knee beside the prone white figure, and as he rolled it over, to her dismay Rowena saw that Haight's entire right side was drenched in blood.

The Filipino stood up and in a high falsetto poured out a flood of Spanish at the camp. Lights moved; Indian men came running, picked up the senseless man, and bore him swiftly into a square ridgepole tent with two camp beds, Indian rugs on the floor, and gear piled in the corners. The Filipino was busy at his shoulder.

Rowena said, in a sharp voice that she did not recognize as her own, "Let me come in, please. And bring hot water. Iodine, if you have any."

They found in the base of his neck a small round hole from which the blood welled steadily. Then the woman *had* stabbed him, for all her effort. He must have bled the whole two miles, concealing it.

THEY bathed it with hot water, poured in iodine, plugged the hole with iodine-soaked gauze, and strapped a pad on with adhesive. Unschooled in any such technique, Rowena worked by common sense and instinct. Then she sat by him very quietly.

By and by his eyes opened and he rolled over. "Say, how ever— *Ouch!* Did I faint or something? What a sap thing to do! That wildcat of Kuppke's stuck me in the neck."

"Don't move. You've lost an enormous lot of blood and you'll have to go slow for a day or two."

"But I've got to get you to San Vedador." He was up before she could stop him, but reeled on his feet and was forced to accept her support. He was pale green as he subsided on the bed.

"Satisfied?" she inquired. "Now you lie still, and tell this man of yours to make some soup or cocoa or something. You've got to imbibe nourishment at frequent intervals. I'm going to stay here till you're strong again. Nice thing, to leave you all alone for that Kuppke to come and murder."

"But you can't possibly. This isn't home; this is Central America. It isn't done. You just can't do it."

"That's what the prisoner said just before the hangman sprang the trap. Here I am and here I'm going to stay till you're about again. There's a spare bed here, I see, and lots more tents. Make your servant fix one up for me. And I'm darned hungry, too. What do you keep to eat?"

ROWENA'S two weeks waiting for the ship were almost gone. She had spent the whole of them with Johnny Haight in his camp on the shores of ice-blue Lake Attitlan, beneath the two perfect cones of extinct volcanoes that guard the lake and the city of San Vedador—and she was sitting in the evening outside the tents with Johnny.

The sense of unreality had left her days ago, and it seemed to her that she had never lived, nor did she want to live, any other life than the care-free day after day in the tents.

Johnny was better now, if a mite gaunt about the face. He was sitting at a table close beside her, writing up his notes. Now he shut up the book and pitched it past her into the tent.

By and by he said, "Well, only two more days. It seems like years since you came."

"Ye-es. Yes."

"Rowena, I know you'll think I am a romantic fool, but I feel as if I'd known you always. I felt it the instant I laid eyes on you that day. Some things in life are queer. We belong to each other. I knew it from the first. An' I've looked over a good few women in my day, I don't mind saying. But I never wanted one for keeps before. I never even toyed with the idea."

Her heart pounded. Dreams come true. Oh, ecstasy! She had known for days that she loved him.

He said, "Please don't go. Say you'll stay here with me. We'll go down to town and get us married right away. Come on, Rowena. Didn't I half kill Kuppke just to amuse you? Think of that."

She said, "You f-fathead. I've been trying to say yes, but my tongue wouldn't work."

By and by he let her go and she could rearrange her tousled hair. Her mind was racing. No more humdrum, no more stale and old conventional things. There would be camps and more camps in new strange lands.

Johnny said, "And I say, darlin'—it isn't goin' to be half so tough as you might think. You don't suppose I'd be as selfish as to expect you to share this kind of life with me always, do you? If I'd been goin' to be stuck down here I'd have asked you to wait. P'r'aps it was a dirty trick to play, but I did so want to hear you say you'd marry me wherever we were. But it's all right, sweetheart. It isn't goin' to be rough stuff for us."

An awful empty feeling gripped her.

"Why, wh-what do you mean?" she asked tensely.

"Well, I haven't been stewing down here all this time for nothing. I knew what I wanted, and I went after it the best way I could see; and that was to do some work with results. And I've got 'em here, sweetheart, in spite of Kuppke. My records went up six months ago and my reward came down last month. Think of it—Professor of American Archæology at Pennsylvania U.! So, one more month of mosquitoes, and then it'll be the bright lights and an apartment in Philadelphia for us!"

THE END

Next week—

LINCOLN, THE PRACTICAL JOKER

By

Ida M. Tarbell

A famous biographer tells some tales on a famous lover of fun

A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS AT THE PRESIDENT

By

Mrs. Philip Wylie

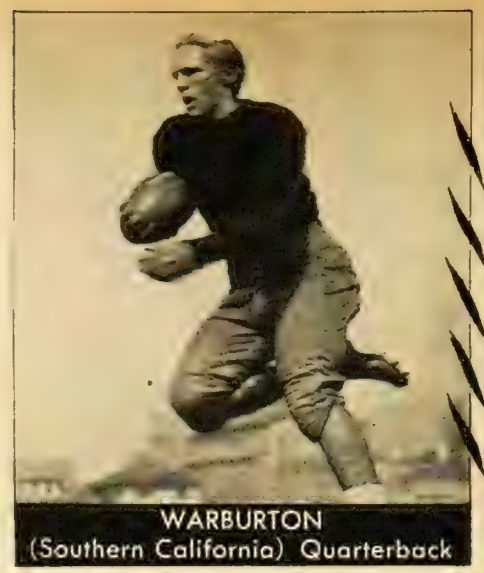
In which one voter gets good and mad, and speaks her mind on a number of things

Other stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw—Adela Rogers St. Johns—Rose Wilder Lane—Dick Williams—Marie Beynon Ray, and others

THE FIRST TEAM

End	Joe Skladany	Pittsburgh
End	Paul Geisler	Centenary
Tackle	Francis Wistert	Michigan
Tackle	J. D. Dempsey	Bucknell
Guard	Francis Schammel	Iowa State
Guard	Aaron Rosenberg	S. California
Center	Charles Bernard	Michigan
Quarter	Irvine Warburton	S. California
Half	Francis Lund	Minnesota
Half	Beattie Feathers	Tennessee
Full	George Sauer	Nebraska

The second and third teams, the honorable mentions, and the all-sectional teams appear on page 22.



WARBURTON
(Southern California) Quarterback

LUND
(Minnesota) Halfback

Liberty's All-America Team

(Reading time: 13 minutes 25 seconds.)

HERE it is at last—Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1933, chosen exclusively by the players themselves and exclusively from among opponents whom they met on the gridiron.

Fifteen hundred and eight players from ninety-one universities and colleges have coöperated with Liberty in the selection of this team, the second and third teams, and the All-Players All-Sectional Teams.

They have rated their opponents as to all-around excellence in the fundamentals of the game and in the requirements of the position on the team. They have done it under a system whose percentages take account of these requirements, item by item—a system that shuts out snap judgment, partisanship, and ballyhoo, and that insures a rating determined solely by an appraisal of real merit.

Their ratings have been tabulated with impersonal, mathematical fairness. The final results are the All-Players All-America team and the accessory teams.

The whole thing has been done on the principle, which leading coaches and other authorities and experts the country over have whole-heartedly indorsed, that *only one class of individuals—the players themselves—are in a position* to determine which players actually deserve All-America and All-Sectional honors.

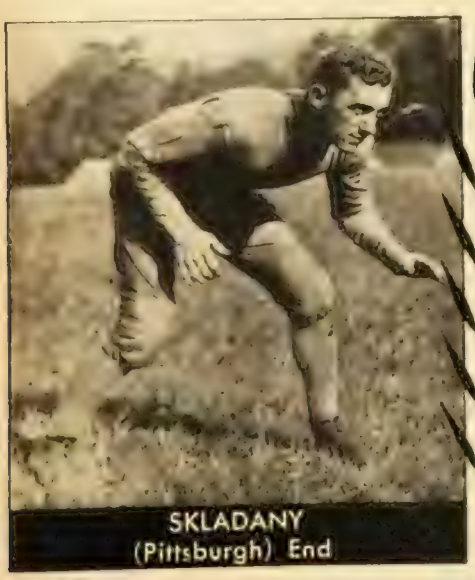
The selections show conclusively that not all the outstanding gridiron stars are enrolled with universities and colleges of national reputation in athletics. They show that some less conspicuous ones have players on a par with those of the institutions that have been regarded as the headquarters of collegiate football.

It is well to repeat and emphasize that these All-America and All-Sectional teams are not Liberty's selections or those of any non-playing judge or corps of judges, but are *exclusively* those of players who tested each other's worth in action during the games of the past season.

We are simply the tabulators of the players' judgments of their opponents. They were not permitted to rate members of their own teams or of teams they had not played against.

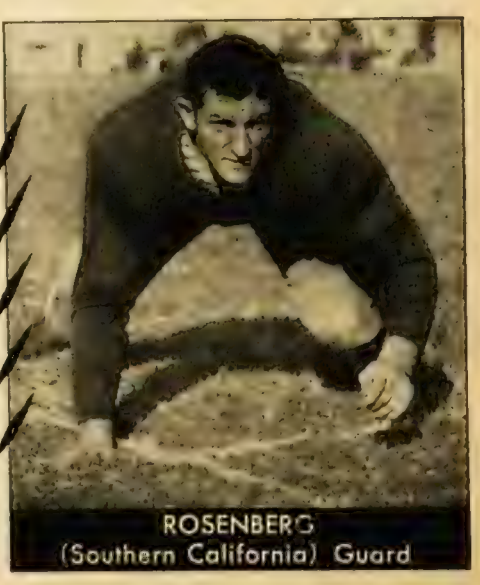
To illustrate the method of rating: A guard is judged on speed, charging, blocking, defensive ability, diagnosing opponents' plays, aggressiveness, and on running interference if his team's system of play demands it. This method applies to the other positions, except that the requirements in some of them are different. Each fundamental and requirement is judged separately on a percentage basis. These are added together and a total percentage in fundamentals is obtained. Then the number of votes

By NORMAN



SKLADANY
(Pittsburgh) End

WISTERT
(Michigan) Tackle



ROSENBERG
(Southern California) Guard

FEATHERS
(Tennessee) Halfback

SAUER
(Nebraska) Fullback

BERNARD
(Michigan) Center

U. & U. News photos

Players All-Football for 1933

L. SPER

cast for a player is figured in relation to the total number of returns received from the teams that have opposed him. A vote percentage is thereby arrived at. These combined, the vote percentage and the percentage in fundamentals, give the composite percentage which determines the final selections.

Intersectional games have an important bearing on the naming of Liberty's All-Players All-America. As the judging players are limited to the selection of eleven men, one for each position, the team that plays intersectional games is sometimes a deciding factor in rating players in one section against opponents in another.

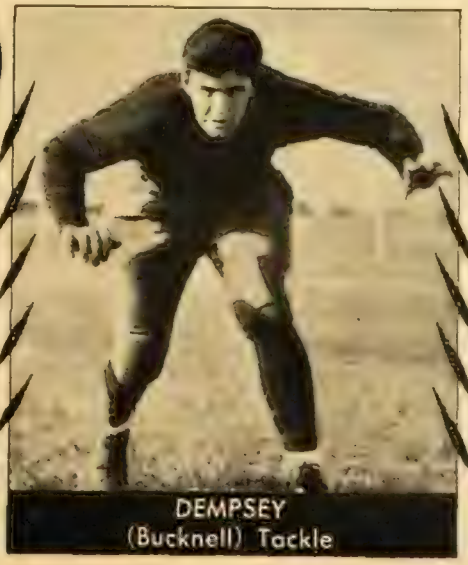
A striking proof that the universities and colleges nationally renowned for their football teams have among them no monopoly of the best players is the high rating accorded an unheralded, un-press-agented tackle from Bucknell—Dempsey, who, with Wistert of Michigan, shares honors in the tackle position on the All-Players All-America first team. Although Dempsey has been obscure so far as newspaper accounts in metropolitan cities were concerned, his opponents considered him the sturdiest and best tackle they had encountered this year. They gave him a composite percentage of 91.94. Wistert rates slightly higher with 92.17. Crawford of Duke received 87.28, and Ceppi of Princeton, 85.41. Next came Lutz of California, O'Brien of Nebraska, Walton of Pittsburgh, and Niccolai of Duquesne.

It may be argued that Bucknell did not play so hard a schedule as some of the other teams with All-America tackle material. That may be true, but the player-judges do not rate opponents on that basis; they rate them on the performance of the individual, and not in one so-called important game but in all his games. This method makes consistently excellent playing essential to first honors.

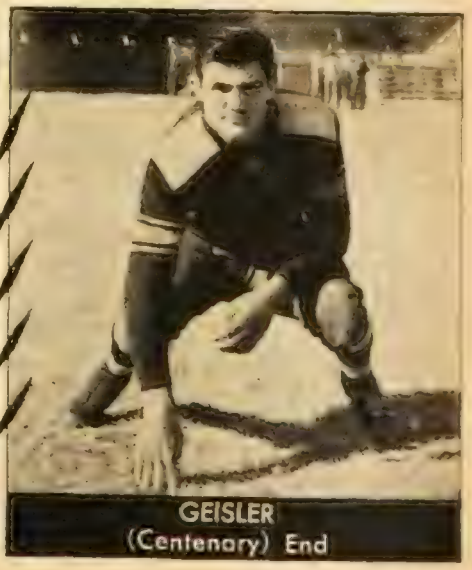
Washington and Jefferson College played Bucknell, Pittsburgh, and Duquesne. In so doing they met in battle Dempsey of Bucknell, Walton of Pittsburgh, and Niccolai of Duquesne. Seventeen Washington and Jefferson players sent in returns indicating the respective merits of these three. Fifteen judged Dempsey the best tackle they had met. Eight named Walton, and only five Niccolai. It thus becomes obvious that of these three tackles the "Presidents" consider Dempsey the best.

Lafayette played Columbia, New York University, Bucknell, and Pennsylvania. Ferrara of Columbia and Zaremba of N. Y. U. have been considered outstanding tackles and have received far more publicity than Dempsey. How do these two fare in

SCHAMMEL
(Iowa) Guard



DEMPSEY
(Bucknell) Tackle



GEISLER
(Centenary) End

the fifteen returns from Lafayette? Dempsey was judged in fourteen, Ferrara in six, and Zaremba in four.

Consider how Cornell, which played Columbia and Michigan, rates Ferrara and Wistert. Twenty Cornell players made returns. Nineteen judged Wistert, while only five rated Ferrara. Lafayette, which played Columbia, gave Ferrara virtually the same standing as did Cornell. Dempsey, Bucknell's tackle, received a percentage from Lafayette that is almost on a par with what Wistert received from Cornell.

These returns show plainly how the minds of the player-judges function and how uniform they are in their judgment irrespective of publicity.

Ceppi, Princeton's foremost tackle, and Crawford of Duke made the All-Players second team. The Tiger's mighty tackle fell down in his Rutgers and Washington-Lee games, while only half the Navy team considered him All-America timber.

Crawford was rated higher than Ceppi but was nosed out of the first team by Dempsey. Lutz of California and O'Brien of Nebraska, next in percentages, won third-team honors.

Selections of All-America guards were almost unanimous, Rosenberg of Southern California and Schammel of Iowa State getting the highest honor. Rosenberg was rated high by every team he played, Washington State and California being unanimous, and St. Mary and Oregon State being nearly so. Georgia gave him the lowest rating, and Washington the next lowest. Schammel was a unanimous selection of several teams.

Because of the high rating accorded Rosenberg and Schammel, Jablonsky of Army and Gailus of Ohio State, who made the second team, were overshadowed, although the returns established they would be invaluable to any eleven.

Febel of Purdue and Corbus of Stanford made the third team, Febel being rated above Corbus. Western newspapers have lauded the Stanford guard because of his sensational playing that was directly responsible for the defeat of Southern California. The case of Corbus demonstrates that one or even two sensational games do not qualify a man for All-Players All-America first-team honors. Although he was unquestionably a great guard, he did not play his usual game consistently enough, in the opinion of his opponents, to warrant his being placed better than sixth among the country's leading guards. It is true that he overshadowed Rosenberg in the Southern California game, but Rosenberg was far more consistent throughout the whole season.

As ends, Skladany of Pittsburgh and Geisler of Centenary have almost equal composite percentages. Skladany's opponents gave him a 92.68 rating, and Geisler's gave him 92.45. Nebraska's entire team and that of Centre pronounced the Pittsburgh flankman the foremost end they had met during the year. The Corn Huskers gave him 94.59, and Centre slightly less. Washington and Jefferson, with the exception of one player, gave him 89.62. Navy likewise named him almost unanimously with 93.37. Other teams gave him excellent ratings that resulted in his composite, 92.68.

GEISLER was the 100-per-cent choice of Loyola of New Orleans and of Baylor. Only one Texas University player failed to name him. Southern Methodist, Arkansas, and other colleges likewise gave him high averages.

The nearest in standing to Skladany and Geisler was Petoskey of Michigan, with a composite rating of 90.41. Ohio State rated him 93.33 and Cornell, 93.38. Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota regarded him highly, but not so highly as did Ohio State and Cornell, a fact which took him out of the running with Skladany and Geisler. Matal of Columbia had a composite rating in the low eighties. Navy and Penn State were responsible for his not having a higher standing. Only three Navy players rated him as being of All-America caliber.

Fred Canrinus of St. Mary and Smith of Washington State just missed overtaking Matal for the second-team honors. They are the ends on the third team.

With a composite percentage of 90.41, Bernard of Michigan becomes center on the first team. Coats of the University of California at Los Angeles makes the second team with 87.41, and Seimering of the University of San Francisco the third with 85.21.

Iowa selected Bernard without a dissenting vote. Nineteen of Cornell's twenty players rated him highest. Only one of the Illinois returns failed to name him. Ohio State, however, brought down his average, since only 60 per cent registered in his favor.

Coats received fairly high ratings from Washington, Loyola at Los Angeles, Washington State, St. Mary, and Utah. Their returns made him, instead of Seimering, center on the second team.

Del Isola of Fordham was a strong contender for center until returns from Oregon State arrived. Not one member of that Pacific Coast team named him. St. Mary, also of the Pacific Coast, failed to esteem him highly, only two out of nineteen mentioning him. These two games show what an important bearing intersectional contests have in determining final All-Players All-America figures and comparing players of one section with those of another. Robinson of Tulane was well up until Auburn returns arrived, only one naming him. Harbold of Navy had the fourth best rating, Coats and Seimering beating him out.

SAUER of Nebraska stands out like a giant among fullbacks. He has no formidable rival, according to his opponents. He makes the first team with a 92.88 composite percentage, his nearest competitor, Mikulak of Oregon, having 83.47. Richins of Utah University is third-team fullback with 81.31.

Kansas State, Missouri, and Texas were unanimous in naming Sauer as the nation's best fullback, while Pittsburgh returns disclosed that only two failed to see his All-America stature. Other schools rate him exceptionally high.

Mikulak suffered in the returns from the Idaho team, only one of twenty selecting him. On the other hand, Gonzaga and St. Mary chose him unanimously, as did Washington and Oregon State, with one exception each. Six of the Utah team did not mention him.

Richins of Utah is fullback on the third team and on the Rocky Mountain Conference team. Mikulak holds that honor on the Pacific Coast team. Elser of Notre Dame was fairly well rated by Indiana, thirteen out of sixteen favoring him. Only one Pittsburgh player registered in his favor. Purdue rated him as fair. Others gave him ratings that placed him well up but not within striking distance of the leaders.

Lund of Minnesota, halfback, was the unanimous choice of all opponents who judged him. This is a distinction that was accorded no other player. In particular, Indiana, Purdue, Iowa, and Pittsburgh gave Lund his remarkable rating. His percentage in fundamentals was 92.76, and the added glory of being a unanimous selection brings his composite percentage to 96.38, the highest achieved by any player.

Three others strove valiantly to be his team-mate halfback: Feathers of Tennessee, Franklin of Oregon State, and Purvis of Purdue staying comparatively close to him. Feathers received 92.97 and Franklin 92.58. Fractionally behind them came Purvis with 92.28. Consequently Franklin and Purvis are on the second team. Buckler of Army with 89.65, and Everhardus of Michigan with 86.14, made the third team, but they were hard-pressed.

Crayne of Iowa, Danowski of Fordham, Howell of Alabama, Kercheval of Kentucky, Wilson of Southern Methodist, Wilson of the College of the Pacific, Wilson of Brigham Young, Randour of Villanova, Shepherd of Western Maryland, and Roberts of Tulane stood high.

Smith of Idaho was considered highly by most of his opponents except California, which lowered his standing by rating Niccolini of St. Mary, Cheshire of U. C. L. A., and Hamilton of Stanford as his superiors. Casper of Texas Christian was well up, although Centenary and Southern Methodist gave him just a fair average.

Le Van of Princeton, considered a great halfback by Amherst, Washington-Lee, and Williams, lost considerable standing when only two Navy players and none of Rutgers named him. Stansberry of Montana, although on a team in the cellar position in the Pacific Coast Conference, was mentioned sufficiently to justify rating.

It is well to make it clear in naming backs that there has been no switching of backfield positions. Those who have played a certain position are rated accordingly in the All-Players method. When the players exclusively make the selections, who would have the right, for example, to put a quarterback—whose rating as such had been surpassed by another quarterback's—on the first team as a halfback in order to give him, too, a place on it? The same principle holds good in regard to the changing of halfbacks to fullbacks.

Only by fractions did Warburton of the University of Southern California become first-team quarterback over Montgomery of Columbia, Warburton having an 89.86 composite percentage and Montgomery 89.44.

It is a singular fact that Warburton, the most discussed and lauded player of the season, has the lowest rating of all members of the first team, Lund of Minnesota having the highest.

Warburton's opponents in their returns accord him an almost perfect percentage, 97, in ball carrying, only a few rating him below 100 in this department. But a pronounced majority give him a low rating in running interference and blocking. In all other requirements of a quarterback they consider him well above the average. Remember, it was not just one or two teams that judged him, but all that Southern California played.

Another reason for his low percentage was that only six St. Mary players, six Georgians, and two Loyolans named him. On the other hand, Washington gave him a unanimous vote. Nineteen Washington State players named him, one dissenting. Oregon State and California were each unanimous with one exception.

WARBURTON, who is also a crack quarter-miler, is always likely to break up a football game by his remarkable ball carrying. During the season he got away for five sensational runs that scored touchdowns. He made an eighty-yard run and a seventy-five-yard run against Washington State, a forty-five against Stanford, a fifty-nine to the winning touchdown against California, and a twelve along the side lines against Notre Dame.

Montgomery, the second-team quarterback, was the unanimous choice of Navy and Penn State. Lafayette and Cornell lowered his percentage, only 50 per cent of the Lafayette players and 60 per cent of those of Cornell giving him recognition. He had a rating of only 88.8 in fundamentals.

Laws, third-team quarterback, received high ratings from Nebraska, Purdue, and Minnesota. He barely topped Smith of Centenary and Allen of West Virginia. Soleau of Colgate was a contender until Tulane's returns were tabulated, only one rating him.

A total of 317 players were named by their opponents in all of the returns received. From these the first,

"Her face was covered with *Pimples*"

The noted Paris authority,
DR. EDOUARD ANTOINE,
describes this case:—

Dr. Antoine is connected with the noted Hôpital de la Glacière, in Paris. He is a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

"THE PATIENT—a young woman—had had pimples for years. Had tried ointments, lotions, etc.—but without any result . . .

"EXAMINATION SHOWED constipation was the cause of her bad skin. She had been treating herself with purgatives . . .

"I PRESCRIBED YEAST. It quickly brought the desired result." (Chart shows intestinal tract, where yeast works.)

SKIN ERUPTIONS . . . pimples, blackheads, boils. Nobody likes to see these signs of ill health!

As one of Europe's foremost physicians—Dr. Antoine, who numbers important royalty among his patients—says: "Skin troubles—like bad breath, loss of energy, etc.—are danger signals"—signs of *sluggish intestines*. "The most effective corrective," he adds, "is yeast."

If *your* skin is bad—or if you feel "run-down" in any way—*try* Fleischmann's Yeast . . . 3 cakes a day. A food, it has a truly amazing effect on the intestinal action:—

It "tones"—literally *strengthens* the intestines. It also softens the body's wastes. Then, as it restores regular, normal evacuations, you feel so much more energetic. Digestion improves. And there is such an improvement in your skin!

It clears. Freshens. Takes on color. Becomes smoother. Will any medicine—any cosmetic—do this?

You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast (rich in vitamins B, G and D) at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Won't you start to eat it now?

● "MY SKIN WAS ALL BROKEN OUT," *writes* Miss Ruth Mack, *of Los Angeles*. "I thought my complexion was ruined. Someone told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It corrected my sluggishness, and in two months my skin was all right again."

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Your guide to safety among the hundreds of brands of aspirin...

LOOK FOR SQUIBB CONTROL NUMBER

Each new batch bears its own serial number—actual evidence of 62 safety tests, made during manufacture. Squibb control is your guarantee of the reliability, purity and safety of Squibb's Aspirin.

WITH hundreds of different brands of aspirin offered for sale, it is wise to know exactly what you are buying. When you ask for Squibb's Aspirin—by name—you are *sure* of its safety and effectiveness. Every container bears a control number—proof of the care with which the purity and uniformity of Squibb's Aspirin are safeguarded. Being a Squibb Product, it is genuine. At all good drug stores. Copyright 1934 E. R. Squibb & Sons

NOTE: *Squibb's Aspirin disintegrates instantly after reaching the stomach. However, no aspirin becomes effective until it reaches the intestine. Squibb's Aspirin does not crumble in the box, or leave particles in the mouth. It can be relied upon to give very prompt relief.*

SQUIBB'S ASPIRIN

PURE DEPENDABLE SAFE

second, and third All-Players All-America and the All-Sectional football teams were named.

The players have spoken—these are their selections.

THE END

All-Players All-America Second and Third Teams

THE SECOND TEAM

End	Petoskey	Michigan
End	Matal	Columbia
Tackle	Crawford	Duke
Tackle	Ceppi	Princeton
Guard	Jablonsky	Army
Guard	Gailus	Ohio State
Center	Coats	U. C. L. A.
Quarter	Montgomery	Columbia
Half	Purvis	Purdue
Half	Franklin	Oregon State
Full	Mikulak	Oregon

THE THIRD TEAM

End	F. Canrinus	St. Mary
End	Smith	Washington State
Tackle	Lutz	California
Tackle	O'Brien	Nebraska
Guard	Corbus	Stanford
Guard	Febel	Purdue
Center	Seimering	San Francisco
Quarter	Laws	Iowa
Half	Buckler	Army
Half	Everhardus	Michigan
Full	Richins	Utah University

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Tosi, Boston College; Arial, Auburn; Kopscak, Army; Slocum, Georgia Tech; Pilconis, Temple; Anderson, Colgate; Rogers, Duke; Harris, Oklahoma; Morse, Oregon; Muller, U. C. L. A.; Devore, Notre Dame; Gillman, Ohio State; Larsen, Minnesota; Morris, Colorado Aggies; Mosscript, Stanford; Bescos, Southern California; Manske, Northwestern.

TACKLES: Walton, Pittsburgh; Ferrara, Columbia; Kilcullen, Yale; Harvey, Holy Cross; Glazer, Dartmouth; Schwammel, Oregon State; Fehring, Purdue; Rosequist, Ohio State; Buss, Michigan State; Zaremba, N. Y. U.; Niccolai, Duquesne; Cummings, Texas A. & M.; F. Lauterbach, Rice; Jorgensen, St. Mary; Reynolds, Stanford; Bashara, Oklahoma; Mehringer, Kansas U.; Tharpe, Georgia Tech; Krause, Notre Dame; Snider, Purdue; Epting, Denver; Sadusky, Western Maryland.

GUARDS: Rado, Duquesne; Barton, Denver; Lagow, Rice; Gilbert, St. Mary; Stojak, Washington State; Stevens, U. S. C.; Montgomery, St. Louis; Gentry, Oklahoma; Huppke, Alabama; Pacitti, Wisconsin; Savich, Utah; Murphy, Colorado; Clem, Baylor; Chambliss, Auburn; Barclay, North Carolina; DeBus, Nebraska; Moorehead, Georgia; Zabriskie, Navy; McCarthy, Providence; Dzamba, Columbia; Blum, Colgate; Lane, Princeton.

CENTERS: Robinson, Tulane; Del Isola, Fordham; Harbold, Navy; Sullivan, Boston College; Wilder, Columbia; Engle, Pennsylvania; Maples, Tennessee; Smith, Texas; Ward, Utah Aggies; Oen, Minnesota; Ingram, Washington State; Hughes, Oregon; Meier, Nebraska.

QUARTERBACKS: Allen, West Virginia; Sarboe, Washington State; Smith, Centenary; Freitas, Boston College; Murphy, Arkansas; Greene, Tulsa; Herrington, Mississippi A. & M.; Hendrickson, Auburn; Pardonner, Purdue; Cramer, Ohio State; Beynon, Illinois; Dunlap, Oklahoma.

HALFBACKS: Wilson, Southern Methodist; Kercheval, Kentucky; Clary, South Carolina; Kellett, Pennsylvania; Niccolini, St. Mary; Stansberry, Montana; Masterson, Nebraska; Randour, Villanova; Shepherd, Western Maryland; Crayne, Iowa; Danowski, Fordham; Howell, Alabama; Le Van, Princeton; Casper, Texas Christian; Smith, Idaho; Roberts, Tulane; Wilson, Brigham Young; Wilson, College of the Pacific.

FULLBACKS: Elser, Notre Dame; Norby, Idaho; Keeble, U. C. L. A.; Spencer, Texas A. & M.; Bomba, George Washington; Phillips, Georgia Tech; Hughes, Florida.

All-Sectional Teams Compiled from All-Players Ratings

ALL-MIDWEST

End	Petoskey	Michigan
Tackle	Wistert	Michigan
Guard	Schammel	Iowa
Center	Bernard	Michigan
Guard	Gailus	Ohio State
Tackle	Krause	Notre Dame
End	Manske	Northwestern
Quarter	Laws	Iowa
Half	Lund	Minnesota
Half	Purvis	Purdue
Full	Elser	Notre Dame

ALL-SOUTH

End	Geisler	Centenary
Tackle	Crawford	Duke
Guard	Chambliss	Auburn
Center	Robinson	Tulane
Guard	Huppke	Alabama
Tackle	Tharpe	Georgia Tech
End	Batchelor	Georgia
Quarter	Smith	Centenary
Half	Feathers	Tennessee
Half	Kercheval	Kentucky
Full	Hughes	Florida

ALL-PACIFIC-COAST

End	Smith	Washington State
Tackle	Lutz	California
Guard	Rosenberg	S. California
Center	Coats	U. C. L. A.
Guard	Corbus	Stanford
Tackle	Reynolds	Stanford
End	F. Canrinus	St. Mary
Quarter	Warburton	S. California
Half	Niccolini	St. Mary
Half	Franklin	Oregon State
Full	Mikulak	Oregon

ALL-ROCKY-MOUNTAIN

End	Morris	Colorado Aggies
Tackle	Epting	Denver
Guard	Savich	Utah
Center	Ward	Utah Aggies
Guard	Barton	Denver
Tackle	Law	Utah Aggies
End	Davies	Utah
Quarter	Grosvenor	Colorado
Half	White	Colorado Aggies
Half	Wilson	Brigham Young
Full	Richins	Utah

ALL-SOUTHWEST

End	Fuqua	Southern Methodist
Tackle	F. Lauterbach	Rice
Guard	Clem	Baylor
Center	Smith	Texas
Guard	Lagow	Rice
Tackle	Cummings	Texas A. & M.
End	Murray	Texas A. & M.
Quarter	Murphy	Arkansas
Half	Casper	Texas Christian
Half	Wilson	Southern Methodist
Full	Spencer	Texas A. & M.

ALL-EAST

End	Skladany	Pittsburgh
Tackle	Ceppi	Princeton
Guard	Jablonsky	Army
Center	Harbold	Navy
Guard	Zabriskie	Navy
Tackle	Dempsey	Bucknell
End	Matal	Columbia
Quarter	Montgomery	Columbia
Half	Buckler	Army
Half	Danowski	Fordham
Full	Weinstock	Pittsburgh

ALL-MISSOURI-VALLEY

End	Harris	Oklahoma
Tackle	O'Brien	Nebraska
Guard	Gentry	Oklahoma
Center	Meier	Nebraska
Guard	List	Oklahoma A. & M.
Tackle	Bashara	Oklahoma
End	Kilbourne	Nebraska
Quarter	Dunlap	Oklahoma
Half	Masterson	Nebraska
Half	Graham	Kansas State
Full	Sauer	Nebraska

After Forty—What?

What has life still to offer the woman who has reached middle age?

So many women dread the fortieth milestone. They look upon it as the turning point in their lives. Behind them youth, ideals, romance. Before them the drab succession of the years stretching away perhaps to a bitter, lonesome, disillusioned old age.

It is a somber picture which, all too often, becomes a fact. But there is no need of its becoming a fact.

Nature intended every natural, normal, healthy woman to be at her very best between the ages of thirty-five and fifty—attractive, well poised, charming—at the very height of her popularity.

• • • •

In Physical Culture for March is the self-told story of a woman who at thirty-five had slumped into a dull, drab, unattractive entity that hardly could be called a woman. She knew something was wrong—studied herself—analyzed her qualities and possibilities—made a few changes in her manner of living—altered her mental viewpoint slightly with the result that a few months later she was by far the most popular and charming woman in her set.

If you dread the middle and later years by all means do as this woman did. Not only is her story of absorbing interest purely as a story but it is crammed with inspiration, information and practical suggestions that you will find of infinite personal value in accomplishing for yourself what she did for herself. Not magic, not a miracle. Just common sense plus a little knowledge which this story gives in full. It is entitled "When A Woman Faces Thirty-five," page 18, Physical Culture for March. It will pay you well to read it.

Among the Foremost Features in the March Issue

Well Fed Teeth Mean Superhealth, *by Milo Hastings*
Sleeping Tablets Nearly Finished Me—a Vivid Experience
Thrills of a Girl Parachute Jumper, *by Marie McMillin*
Why Not Prevent Muscular Rheumatism?
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PHYSICAL CULTURE

The Personal Problem Magazine

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For All of Us Who Still Believe in Love and Better Times . . . A Story of Human Hearts and a Successful Calamity

Three

By ODGERS T. GURNEE

(Reading time: 28 minutes 25 seconds.)

IT was a relief to be home. Standing at the sun-deck rail as the Padua streamlined through the outer bay, Erica Sampson Stone smiled gayly for the cameramen, answered the short queries of the ship-news reporters, and felt safe for the first time in twelve months.

Even as she talked, the little inner room of her mind was visualizing the stories these men would send in to their papers:

"Sampson Heiress Returns After Paris Decree." That would be one headline. Perhaps for a secondary thought something like this:

"Model Romance of Wartime Ends in 'Model Divorce.'" That last struck her favorably. A model divorce. It was that in all truth.

"I'm sure we both shall always admire and respect each other immensely. It's just the old, old story of differing viewpoints, basically different temperaments. It seemed advisable to—"

She was glad she had gone to Paris instead of following Charles's quixotic offer of one of those hideously obvious New York affairs. No recriminations, no trumped-up charges. No ugly aftermath.

Her father was at the pier, brusquely efficient as he whisked her through customs, unusually solicitous once they were clear.

"Everything is perfect," she said, answering his question. "And with you?"

A cloud crossed his face for a moment, but he dismissed it with a peremptory smile and helped her into the car. She saw with surprise that it was her father's two-seater, though he seldom drove.

"There is something I must discuss with you," he explained. "I don't want any one to overhear."

But Homer Sampson, hunched over the big wheel, was silent save for monosyllabic comments until they cleared Van Cortlandt Park and had come out upon the comparatively open road to the Sound.

Then he half turned toward her.

"It's Barbara," he said abruptly. "She wants to get married."

"And the man, I take it, is not eligible?" said Erica.

"Not financially." Her father's voice sounded tired as he answered. "I saw what happened to you. I don't want her to go through the same thing. The boy's all right—a nice youngster. But he makes three hundred dollars a month in an architect's office, and he won't make enough to keep her happy until they're too old to enjoy it if he does make any."

Erica said slowly, "We don't want her to have to go through that too. What do you want me to do?"

"Talk to her," Sampson urged. "I've tried, but it's no use. You can speak her language—you can show her so clearly just what she's getting into."

Seeing Barbara again was a shock. This tall level-eyed girl, standing with an arm about her shoulders, was no child to be cajoled or bullied or diverted.

In the year Erica had been abroad the little sister

Erica sat at his feet. "We understand," she said. "You couldn't help it."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Hundred a Month

had grown up—assured, poised, and altogether lovely.

"I'll have to make her start it—make her come to me," Erica decided.

She didn't have long to wait.

IT was after luncheon and the three were alone in the paneled dining room. Almost too obviously Homer Sampson looked at his watch and started with surprise.

"Jove!" he said. "Promised to meet lawyer in Stamford at two o'clock." He jumped up, pecked dutifully at his daughters' cheeks, and bustled away.

Barbara watched him, smiling. Then she turned to Erica, the smile twisted.

"Dad's so upset," she said. "I suppose he's told you of the impending catastrophe?"

"Catastrophe?" The swiftness with which Barbara went to the point almost caught Erica off guard. "I believe he did mention the fact that you were in the throes of some boy-and-girl romance. I don't believe he used the word catastrophe."

"Stop stalling," Barbara said brusquely. "If he told you anything at all he told you that I am going to marry a man who makes the disgustingly small sum of seventy-five dollars a week; that I am going to throw my life away for love." She stopped abruptly and her voice went lower. "And, Erica, my dear, he didn't call it a boy-and-girl romance, because he knows damned well it's not."

She stopped again challengingly.

"Tell me about it," Erica urged.

"HIS name is Paul Sadowsky. He's a Pole and he is only twenty-four. Some day he will be a big man, because he is strong and clean and honest and he has power and vision." Her face lighted softly with a glow that brought a quick catch at Erica's throat.

"I know, darling. I was in love just as deeply; my faith was just as strong. But you see what happened. It—"

Barbara's vibrant overtone checked her.

"It's not the same at all—not even fundamentally. Because it concerns different people, the human equation—"

"You mean your Paul will succeed where Charles Stone could not?" Erica's voice had a thin edge.

"No." Her sister leaned forward and her lips were taut. "I mean that I won't fail as you did."

She stood up. There were the beginnings of tears in her eyes.

"I didn't mean to say that," she said. "But you asked for it and there it is—the truth!"

She spun on one heel and started away. Erica, stunned to silence for the moment, raised a protesting hand. The tightening in her throat relaxed a space.

"Wait," she said huskily.

Barbara turned and came back, standing to look down at her.

"Can't you see?" she said passionately. "I'm not going to let the example of what happened to you deter me one bit, but I am going to let that example help me so that I won't make the same mistakes."

"But we tried so hard. I tried!"

Barbara pulled out her chair and sat down with a sudden motion. "Listen to me," she said. Her cool voice was like a knife peeling away the tissues that hid the little inner room in Erica's heart.

"You loved Charles. The papers called it an ideal match, model romance, all that sort of thing. He had charm and good looks and strength—everything but the capacity for earning money in quantity, no matter how hard he worked. But you didn't know that until later.

"But you didn't help him. You didn't sacrifice one iota of anything you'd ever had before. You never pulled shoulder to shoulder with him at all. He made about three hundred dollars a month. You brought your fifteen hundred or more with you and you lived as you'd always lived before—right up to the hilt of the whole income.

"How do you suppose that made Charles feel? Coming home to a house he couldn't afford, being served by a butler he couldn't hire, riding in a car he couldn't buy. He dumped his whole earnings—his three hundred dollars a month—into the pot, and couldn't even see a ripple to tell it had landed."

She gave a slight shuddering motion and her eyes pinioned Erica's.

"You were too selfish to give up what you foolishly considered the style to which you had been accustomed."

"No—no." Erica was surprised at the sharpness of

her own voice. "You call me selfish. I didn't meant to be. I'd have given all I had to Charles for anything. Business, pleasure—it wouldn't have made any difference."

"But he wouldn't take it."

Erica shook her head. "No," she said. "He wouldn't let me spend a cent for him, or take a cent from me. It all went into the house or on my back—"

Her voice trailed off and they both were silent. Then Barbara spoke:

"I'm sorry, Erica. I didn't mean to be cruel and I do see your reasoning, though I can't see it in the sense of following it. It seems so obvious that you overlooked the one sensible basis for marriage. After all, when a woman marries a man she more than marries his physical being—she marries his hopes and fears and ambitions, and above all she marries his status in life."

There was a faint defensive scorn in Erica's voice:

"Then I am to assume that you intend to live on three hundred dollars a month? To give up everything to which you have become accustomed—make yourself over overnight, so to speak?"

Barbara stiffened.

"One of us has to. I am the better equipped." She set her lips firmly. "Yes, to answer you—I do intend to live on three hundred dollars a month. It's a good honest middle-class income, and God knows I'm middle-class, father's money and your ideals notwithstanding."

Erica gestured abruptly. "Now you're trying to make me out a snob. That's untrue and unfair. Class-consciousness has nothing to do with it." She shifted suddenly, indicating the dress Barbara was wearing.

"How much did you pay for that?" she demanded.

The other looked startled for a moment. "I'm not sure," she admitted. "But what—"

Erica pursued her point:

"At least a hundred and a quarter."

"Probably."

"Of course." Erica's lips curled slightly. "A hundred and a quarter. That's just a little less than two weeks' salary. How many dresses are you going to be able to buy a year on what Paul earns?"

She shifted again and now her voice was warm with sympathy.

"Barbara dear, listen to me for a change. Let me tell you, because I know things you don't—yet. Clothes are a lot to a woman. They do something to her soul. When you're down, a new dress, a new coat, shoes, hats—they are the perfect stimulant for lagging spirits, the anodyne for pains and aches and heartbreaks. That sounds selfish to you now, because you're full of this ideal."

The other girl attempted a movement of negation; but Erica's voice went on, stronger, more insistent.

"You'll realize it, for example, when you meet the girls you've known all your life and see their clothes and hear them talk about the new things they've ordered. You'll realize it when you try to buy some of these sixteen-dollar dresses that you've pictured as the costume for love in a cottage. Wait until you do wear one—badly cut, cheaply fashioned, bursting out at the seams—and then your laundress comes for the washing wearing the same thing!"

SHE stopped suddenly. Barbara's head had dropped into the long slim fingers and her shoulders were shaken with a gust of sobs.

"Stop it—stop it!" she said. "Why can't you let me work things out my own way? Why must you meddle?"

In an instant Erica was at her side, a soothing arm caressing her.

"Hush," she said. "I'm not meddling—not meaning to. But, dearest, you must see how unhappy I've been, and it scares me to think what you are facing. You think I went to one extreme. I think you're going to the other. But let's not talk about it any more. We'll go upstairs and you can help me unpack. I brought you a present." . . .

For three days the question lay dormant, tactfully disregarded. Erica saw almost nothing of her father, who seemed more than usually absorbed in his business. On the morning of the fourth day she had an idea.

"I am going to try one last resort," she thought. "I'm going to take her trousseau shopping. To the cheap stores. Let her see the contrast for herself."

Through a long day of jostling, raucous crowding she led Barbara from store to store, from counter to counter, forcing herself to exclaim ecstatically over one flimsy bit after another. At six o'clock that night they reached Greenwich, dead tired, armed with bundles.

Leading the way into the foyer, Erica asked if her father had returned. He had not. She pushed on, and halted before the long mirror at the end of the hall, watching Barbara. With an effort she made her voice sound gay:

"Oh, Babs dear, we forgot the most important thing of all! We didn't order the announcements."

From the darker recess near the door, Barbara looked at her for a moment in silence, her mobile lips twisted in an arc of pain.

"It's of no consequence," she said dully. "I've decided to wait until fall."

WHEN Erica awoke next morning, her father was standing at her bedside, haggard, trembling.

"Call Barbara," he said, "and then come back."

A sense of panic drove her from bed in a single motion. "Dad," she said, "what has happened?"

He turned and walked slowly to a chair at the window. "Get Barbara," he repeated.

Erica hurried to the door. His voice followed her: "Say nothing to the servants."

When the girls returned he was sitting hunched in the deep chair holding his watch in his hand, turning it over and over. He glanced up as they entered, and then turned away and looked out over the rolling lawns.

"You'd best sit down," he said without turning. Then:

"I don't know how to begin. Maybe the best way is just to come out with it." He cleared his throat with an effort. His eyes sought Erica's and she saw that he was crying. "The truth is," he said finally, "we're penniless."

The silence that followed was absolute. Erica's first conscious reaction was of utter incredulity.

"But, dad, it can't be! It—"

"It is." He turned to face them squarely. "I'll try to explain." He drew a folded newspaper from his coat pocket and spread it out so that they could see the heavy black headlines across the last three columns of the front page.

SAMPSON OUSTED AS GREAT
SEABOARD POWER CO. CRASHES

Beneath, in smaller type:

NEW GROUP WRESTS CONTROL;
FORCES RECEIVERSHIP

"For years," he began, "we have lived on my salary. I drew two, one from the holding company, one from the operating company. The smaller one was split between you two girls. The larger one maintained the home and my personal existence. Every other cent of income went back into the companies.

"I had only one thought, one creed: *Grow*. But to grow, to expand, took money. So that meant new issues of stock, new subsidiary units. Once I actually owned outright enough stock to control the votes of the stockholders. Then for a long while I owned control only by proxy. Now"—he spread his hands in a gesture of despair—"new people have bought in slowly, cautiously. They've rounded up too much strength. They control now—a solid front. And last night they voted the Seaboard into receivership, they voted me into retirement—and they broke me."

He essayed a trembling smile. "I guess I reached too far." His eyes sought theirs hopefully. "Do you understand?"

Erica slid forward from her chair and sat at his feet, reaching for the hand that was interminably turning the watch over and over.

"We understand," she said. "You couldn't help it. You're not to blame. We'll come out all right."

She swayed forward and then his hand was gripping her elbow, steadying her.

"Of course." Barbara's voice sounded beside her. One of Barbara's hands pressed her father's shoulder. "No Sampson ever was licked!"

Between them they got him to his feet, protesting, and led him to his room.

Not until he had had a hot bath and was in bed, with the shades drawn, did they leave him.

Then at Erica's door they halted and faced each other.

"I don't know what to do first," Erica said helplessly. "Do you suppose it's as bad as he says?"

Barbara shrugged. "Probably not. But bad enough to demand a major operation. There's enough junk in my jewel case to keep a normal human for several years. You're a hard-boiled bargainer—take it and get what you can for it."

She grinned and smoothed the soft folds of her dress.

"As for me—I shall try out some of those sixteen-dollar dresses. If they give at the seams, I'll diet."

For a moment Erica missed the import of her sister's words.

"You mean to get married? Now?"

"Absolutely. One less back to cover—one less mouth to feed," said Barbara.

She threw an arm impulsively about Erica's waist and squeezed hard. "I'm not deserting. Please don't misunderstand. I'll be with you every day and we'll work things out together. But it does seem the only sensible thing to do, and I'm going to do it."

THE week slipped into a series of dissolving days. Erica emptied her own jewel case and hawked its contents from jeweler to jeweler, until at the end she had sixteen thousand in cash to show. Barbara's she refused to touch, hiding it in the safe-deposit vault.

From lawyer's office to broker's to the stack of bills in her secretary at home, she wove a ceaseless round. She put all but the two-seater in dead storage at the garage. She let servants go reluctantly until only three were left to care for the great white elephant of a house. She trimmed and pared and liquidated.

Upstairs in the big house Homer Sampson lay abed, pitifully incapable of any help. "Nervous exhaustion," the doctors told Erica.

So on the eighth day she came home, staggering with fatigue and with the knowledge that, save for the borrowing capacity of her own and her father's insurance, they were destitute of any hope for money to carry on. To sell the Sampson stock in his one-time companies would have been suicidal. Their only other asset was the house.

She let herself in the front door and leaned back against it, utterly spent. From the library came the sound of Barbara's voice, faintly muffled by distance, and then the tones of another, a man's. She walked toward the sound, wondering who it might be. It was Charles.

For a moment her knees trembled so that she was afraid of falling. Then his hand was gripping her elbow, steadying her. His voice was reassuring her. She stammered her thanks and straightened up. But she let him lead her to a chair and help her slowly into it.

Charles was talking. His voice, she noticed, seemed deeper, to have a new timbre. It made her feel small. She had known they would meet again. She had even rehearsed her part of that meeting—words, gestures, manner. She would, she had told herself, be frank and cool and a good sport. She would ask about his welfare and put him immediately at his ease. And now this!

She was trembling inside and her throat was dry, so that she was afraid to speak. And Charles, possessed, strong, smiling, was all the things she had planned to be.

"I've been out in the sticks," he was saying. "Didn't learn the whole story until a day or so ago, and rushed over. I thought there might be something I could do."

His eyes caught hers for a twinkling instant.

"I appreciate the fact that I'm no financial wizard. But there are times

when it's better to have a man doing the trading. They don't try to hornswoggle him if they think he might take a punch at them."

Erica's voice came from somewhere far back in her throat:

"Whatever you think best." And then she fainted. . . .

A fresh salt-laden breeze rippled across the bedcovers and swirled the honey-colored ringlets above Erica's forehead. Her eyes, opening to the day, came to rest first upon the dressing-table clock, and then to the ivory roll of calendar below it.

"Nine o'clock, May 15," it announced. She had been home just two weeks and one day.

From the bath that separated her room and Barbara's came the sound of gushing water and of some one whistling. Erica leaped from bed to run across the room and pound on the bathroom door.

The whistle died in a gurgle of amazement and Barbara's dripping head appeared at the door, her eyes wide.

"For Pete's sake!" she gasped. "I thought you were laid out."

"That was a temporary weakness, darling. I'm ready to lick the world." As she shed her gown and stepped into the tub Erica smiled again.

"There's a lot of unfinished business, you know."

Barbara nodded, pursing her lips knowingly.

"That reminds me," she said dryly. "Charles is sleeping in the west guest room. He wouldn't leave until he was sure you'd recovered."

Bathed, powdered, coolly clad, Erica came to the breakfast table to find Barbara and Charles in a huddle over the cream jug. They laughed and rose to greet her, Charles's grave eyes probing hers. There was a ring of admiration in his voice.

"That's the stoutest comeback I ever saw," he said. "Last night I was afraid you were slated for a sanatorium."

She gave a shrug of deprecation. "I'm sorry I keeled over that way. But I'm all right now." She turned to face him directly. "And I want to thank you for offering so generously to help us, but we can't let you do it."

He tried to stop her with a dismissing wave of his hand, but she rushed on:

"No. We have no claim on your sympathies or your time—and no right—"

This time he did stop her. His heavier voice rolled over hers and blotted it out.

"On the contrary," he said emphatically.

HE moved a chair for her and seated her. Then, almost immediately, he began to talk.

"I've been going over things with Babs here," he said. "Last night I cornered the doctor after you were safely abed. Two things are indicated—a change of scene for your father; a drastic cut in expenses. It so happens that I can arrange both."

"No," said Erica. "Please!"

"Yes," he answered. "It's like this. Six months ago I bought an old farm in the Berkshires. A city fellow had fixed it all up and then gone broke, so it cost almost nothing."

He planted his hands firmly on the table edge and his voice deepened.

"I'm taking your father up there tomorrow. If you will go with him you can cut out this seventy-five dollars a week you're paying the nurse. I'll stick here for a few days and Barbara and I will straighten out all the bills. Then we'll carry her down to the squire's and marry her off to this heartbreaker from Warsaw."

"No," repeated Erica—but faintly. And then, as if to bolster up her refusal: "What will you do? Your home?"

Charles laughed. "I can't live in the place now that I've got it, because I'm on the road thirty days at a stretch."

"Oh!" said Erica—and buried her head in her arms so that the honey-colored ringlets almost cascaded into the cream jug. . . .

The chirp of field sparrows, the busy scoldings of a family of flickers, the hubbub of dawn in the foothills flowed into the old-fashioned kitchen.

Erica looked at the wall clock. Five to six. She followed the studied grandfatherly swing of the pendulum. Underneath the clock a big calendar was nailed solidly against the planks. And across the top of it in bold letters it said:

"Compliments of Charles Stone, the Hawkins Man. Everything for the Farm and Home."

She hummed a little snatch of song as she hurried to light the kerosene stove, to pump water for the coffeepot and set it on to boil.

While the eggs were cooking she unearthed Barbara's letter of the day before and reread it. For two pages she skipped through a series of "Paul says," "Paul did," "Paul thinks." It was the last page that held her interest.

"Charles called," it said, "and suggested we three come up to see you and dad over the Fourth. I told him we would meet him there."

The last sentence was underscored heavily, and in the margin opposite it Barbara had constructed a very inky question mark.

ERICA folded the letter carefully and took the eggs in to her waiting father.

"Better start another pair," he suggested. "I could eat a dozen. When do we leave?"

"Two eggs are enough in this weather," said Erica. "Eleven o'clock."

Precisely at eleven she rolled out the two-seater, put her father and a hand bag into it, drove to the county seat, and parked in front of the bank.

Inside the bank a middle-aged vice president adjusted his necktie quickly and dusted off a chair for her.

"I believe we have followed your instructions implicitly," he beamed. He handed Erica a certified check for ten thousand dollars and a folded legal-appearing document. "Here," he said, "is the loan for Mr. Sampson and here is the mortgage on Mr. Stone's farmhouse."

"Thank you," said Erica and hurried back to the car.

She gave her father the check. "Remember," she warned. "This is strictly comeback money. It's not for anything else. And you are not to sell a single share of your old stock."

Homer Sampson folded the check and tucked it away in his wallet. His eyes misted but he smiled. "Erica," he said, "maybe my faith in light and power was misplaced, but, by heaven, my faith in my girls wasn't!"

Erica blushed. "You've got five minutes to get your train," she said. "Give Barbara and Paul my love." . . .

It was a blistering Fourth. But inside the farmhouse, with its thick stone walls and heavy-beamed roof, it was cool and dimly quiet.

Erica surveyed everything with a critical eye—an eye that lighted with a glow of honest pride at what she saw. She went out to the long side porch and sat in the swing, waiting.

The sun was riding at full noon when the hum of a car, hill-climbing in low, wakened her from a half dream and drew her taut and expectant to the porch steps. Up the little rounded roadway the car chugged to a stop, and Charles's face, its deep tan intensified by the shock of sunburned hair above it, peered out.

"Hi!" he called, and "Hi!" she answered. He came up the steps.

"Others here?" he asked.

The Sliding Letters Puzzle

By F. Gregory Hartswick

I	N	A	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	I	N	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	I	N	A	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	I	N	A	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	I	N	A	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	I	N	A	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	I	N	A

Fill the blanks above with letters so as to make words, each of which will have INA in the position indicated.

The Answer will be found on page 47.

Erica swallowed. "There's so much traffic," she temporized, and led the way within. Behind her she heard a throaty gasp of surprise. Then his voice.

"Well," he said, "for the love of Mike!" He was standing, blinking at the big living room, peering beyond to the dining room. "What—how—"

Erica essayed a great insouciance.

"Oh," she answered, "I just moved things around and then I made slip covers and curtains—"

"You did?"

The bald doubt in his words made him redden. "I mean—" he began lamely.

But Erica didn't mind. She was laughing.

"In person," she assured him. "Now put your bag down and come out on the side porch where it's cool. I've got a jug of fruit punch chilling in the spring."

When she returned with the tall frosted pitcher, Charles was contemplating the clipped stretch of lawn that bordered the porch, the little flower beds.

"You've done a lot," he said at last. He lifted his head and looked at her. "Like it?"

Erica's face sobered. "At first I hated it. Dad was so sick. There seemed to be literally millions of things to do—and I didn't think I knew how to do them. Gunnar's wife came and helped me get started. Now," she finished, "I love it!"

"Swell!" Charles mulled over his drink for a time. "And your father?"

"He's wild about it—and much better."

Charles nodded, looked up toward the rooms overhead. He made a half motion of rising. "I ought to see him," he began, and Erica coughed.

Charles sank back into the chair. "Resting now, eh?"

"Yes," said Erica quickly. "That is—I suppose so."

"I'll see him later." He finished his drink. "Just as well. I want to tell you about how things worked out. The money you raised settled all outstanding bills, and I've got a dicker on with a New York man to rent the house, furnished, at four thousand dollars—enough to keep it from being a loss on upkeep."

"That—cleans the slate," said Erica.

"It leaves it clean and bare," Charles assented. "It means that you'll have to get those insurance loans to live."

"Yes," she said.

Charles humped his long legs. "It's a damn' shame," he said morosely.

Erica filled his glass. "I don't mind. Forget it. Now tell me about you—'the Hawkins man.' I'm consumed with curiosity about this new job."

CHARLES laughed deep in his throat. "It's just a simple tale of the simple life. I knew years ago I had no business selling stocks and bonds. The atmosphere at Broad and Wall's too rarefied for me and I couldn't talk their language down there. So when things got tough and tougher I had a hunch. I got hold of these mail-order people and sold them on the idea of having a field man, because if folks haven't got much cash they aren't going to sit down and write out an order unless somebody's holding the pen. I got the job, and now I prowl the countryside with a catalogue in one hand and a big fat fountain pen in the other."

His laugh belled out through the listless elm leaves. "You'd die if you could hear me talking with the farmers about the best time to plow under a mulch, and with their wives about how many eggs to a setting."

The whistle died; Barbara's head appeared at the door.

His laugh broke off abruptly. "I don't suppose it will ever pay big money, but right now it's worth as much as I made during the boom." He looked at her across his glass and his lips drooped whimsically.

"The same three hundred dollars a month," he said.

Erica pressed the tips of her fingers together tight. They were tingling. "I think," Erica said slowly, "that three hundred dollars a month is a very good salary. A lot of people live very happily—"

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

He got up and began to stride across the flagged porch. Suddenly he looked at his watch. "Good Lord!" he said. "It's five o'clock and those kids aren't here yet. If your father wakes up and begins to worry—"

"They aren't coming." Erica lifted a folded legal document from the table and clutched it in her lap. "Dad is spending the day with them in town."

She dared not look up. The crunch of his footsteps halted. She could feel him staring down at her.

"I HAD to talk with you," she explained in a small voice—"about—" She wet her lips and started again. "You lied to me—"

"I didn't."

"You lied to me," she went on, "for the first time in your life, when you told me that this house was costing you nothing and that we should take it without feeling under any obligation. Don't interrupt.

"Now I find that there is a six-thousand-dollar mortgage and you're paying fifty dollars a month on the house all the time we're living in it and you are living somewhere else."

"I'm on the road. I've got to be on the road."

"Well, road or no road, I think it was the most generous thing anybody ever did for me, and we, dad and I, appreciate it, and we want you to know."

She stopped and drew a deep breath and dared to look up. Charles was smiling at her. She held up the folded foolscap.

"What's that?" He was peering at it.

"It's the mortgage."

There were little red spots in his cheeks.

"I got my insurance loan," she faltered. "I thought it was a good investment. I bought it."

Suddenly he was leaning over her, his voice very low.

"Erica, that's the sweetest, silliest gesture you ever made in all your life!"

"No." All at once her trepidation fell away.

"The silliest thing I ever did was to divorce you." . . .

Homer Sampson and Paul Sadowsky were neck-deep in drawings of model tenements when Charles and Erica reached Barbara's apartment. Barbara was sewing. No one seemed a bit surprised at their advent.

"We couldn't get a license," Charles announced plaintively. "Not until tomorrow."

"Marry in haste," warned Homer. They all laughed and the three men converged upon a tall decanter.

Erica watched Barbara's flying fingers. "Sewing seams?"

Barbara held out a white square that some day would be folded in a large triangle and fastened with a safety pin, and she grinned impishly.

"Hems," she said. "You ought to try some."

"I'm going to," said Erica.

From the corner Homer Sampson's voice sounded briskly confident. He was proposing a toast.

"The future!" he was saying.

THE END

The Things Men Fea

(Reading time: 10 minutes 15 seconds.)

The Inspiring Confessions of One Who Has Fought His Own Terrors on Mountain Crags and in Jungle Depths

By

TALBOT MUNDY

Author of King of the Khyber Rifles, The Ivory Trail, etc.

HALF a century of intimate familiarity with Fear enables and perhaps entitles me to write about it. But I don't know what it is. Quite recently a forceful and successful man who seemed afraid to miss the train assured me that Fear is good for us. We couldn't, he said, get along without it: we should be run over by automobiles, sign phony checks, try to swim the Atlantic, and in every other imaginable way make abject asses of ourselves. I agreed at the time, to avoid an argument; I was afraid he might resent a different opinion.

But I don't believe Fear is good for us; I don't believe it does us any good whatever: and I'm not afraid to say so now I'm a hundred miles away from that successful man.

I know lots of people I would like to see humiliated, but I don't wish for my meanest enemy such fear as I have experienced. It did me no good, and I can't see how it could be good for any one.

There was Kilimanjaro, the "Hungry Mountain," very near the equator in what is nowadays British-mandated territory in East Africa. I knew a Catholic priest named Brandsma who was a first-rate sportsman. Having always dreaded precipices, I discussed my weakness with him. He invited me to go with him and climb the mountain. He and I both believed that such a climb was the easiest way for me to gain self-control in the face of the torment of Fear.

It was a long way from being my first attempt to get that funk out of my system. I had been to sea before the mast, but even that experience had not reduced my fear of falling from a height. Fear never helped me to hang on aloft; I hung on in spite of it, weakened by it. The struggle did me no good; the last spell aloft was worse than the first. But I was able to compel myself to climb the weather shrouds and do a half or a third of a man's work; so I supposed I should be able to climb Kilimanjaro with a friendly and experienced guide to lend morale.

Within about a thousand feet of the summit, fatigued and sick but very far from having reached the limit of physical endurance, certainly not snow-blind, still fairly foot-sure, and with a rope around me that I knew made me nearly as safe as if I were climbing ant hills on the veldt, I quit. I was mentally stuck. I could not go forward—could not make myself obey. I have been in far worse danger many times, but I have never seen or felt worse Fear. There were clouds beneath us; it seemed as if the world were upside down and we were climbing toward nothing. Even the memory of it makes me want to cling to things.

Father Brandsma called to me to come on, but I refused point-blank. I might have pleaded mountain sickness; I was bleeding rather freely, and no doubt the blood made me look even worse than I felt. But it is a curious fact that I had too much hatred and contempt for the fear I was feeling to do that. I felt no temptation to claim an alibi. I was stuck there by funk, and by nothing but funk. I said so.

Father Brandsma tried to talk me out of it. He tried to shame me out of it; but I was feeling my limit of shame already. Then he offered me his special blessing at the summit, and that was tempting, although he and I were of different faiths. As a last resort he appealed to my sense of sportsmanship and threatened to abandon the climb, which he had looked forward to for three years and which had cost him all his little savings. But it was no use. At last he covered me with his own leather jacket and went on alone, with a little ivory crucifix that he had whittled from a tusk I had given him, to be left on the top of the mountain.

I don't know how long it took him to climb the remaining thousand feet or so and return, but it seemed an eternity. I lay perfectly conscious—much too conscious!—on a ledge of wind-swept rock. At intervals the wind blew so hard that I had to dig frozen fingers into the cracks of the ledge. I loved that ledge! I hugged it. By the time Father Brandsma returned I was no more capable of climbing downward than I had been of climbing higher.

Brandsma laughed me out of it. He told me funny stories in a Dutch accent that he thought was Irish. They were all old stories; I knew most of them by heart. Some of them weren't even funny. But it was damned funny to hear him telling them eighteen thousand feet above sea level to a man so frightened that the sky seemed downward and the earth upward.

I still believe that if he had made himself ridiculous in the first instance instead of increasing my self-consciousness and self-pity by arguing, I might have reached the summit with him. As it was, a sense of the ridiculous loosened Fear's grip, and I was able to descend the mountain without even using the rope.

I have no yearning whatever to be a mountaineer. But in search of self-command I have climbed some of the highest passes of the Himalayas, some of the Swiss Alps, quite a lot of the Ruwenzori Range (the Mountains of the Moon), Vesuvius, Popocatepetl, most of the White Mountains, and some others. I am a worse duffer at it now than I was when I started. Far from overcoming that fear, fighting it has increased its severity.

A psychoanalyst of some repute whom I consulted insisted that my dread of heights is caused by nothing but craving to be a hero. There may be something in that. I hate heroics. But perhaps a craving to "row my own weight, plus a bit extra," and to be able to look any man in the world in the eye as his equal, does create the fear that makes me feel I am not the equal of thousands of men and women, since they have courage in some predicaments where I have none. But if so, why is it that nothing except a sense of the ridiculous can pull me out from such predicaments?

I have never once known Fear to guide me wisely; I have obeyed it hundreds of times, but always to my subsequent regret. And I have never known the sense of the ridiculous to fail to pull me out of difficulties.

I had the great good fortune once to spend a night in camp with F. C. Selous in a South African wilderness. Selous was probably the greatest big-game hunter that the modern world has known. But he looked awfully funny, stark naked in front of the fire, with a kaross at his back, like a cave man's mantle, to keep the raw wind off. I tried to draw him, and he threw my sketch into the fire because, he said, it made him look afraid, whereas he wasn't.

That started a conversation about Fear. I confessed to him what I was doing. Naturally lazy, fond of comfort, and born timid, I was hunting big game with the main idea of mastering timidity. He was interested, and

Illustration by Harry T. Fisk

He came screaming down the slope, his huge ears extended. It froze me. Fear instructed me to run. I disobeyed.

I told him what made me afraid and what didn't. For instance, lions don't, although the Indian tiger sometimes does. But a buffalo or a bull on the range, or a wild horse, or a charging elephant can frighten me out of my senses. However, I had not yet shot an elephant at the time when I talked with Selous; I asked him for advice about them, and he gave it.

It was good but not novel advice: to try not to flinch; on no account to turn and run; to stand still and shoot and keep on shooting; above all, to try to remember that the elephant is more afraid than you are. He insisted it is Fear that makes animals attack men.

The day came when I faced my first elephant. He was a "rogue," and a big one with only one tusk. He was destroying a village, and he had killed one of a desperate party who attempted to drive him away. The natives implored me to go and shoot him. The duel that resulted was an extremely interesting illustration of what Fear can do to either combatant.

He began by using his discretion, moving away at moderate speed toward dense jungle. Being inexperienced and afraid, I fired hastily at too long range, and apparently missed him. As I discovered later on, my shot had cut him like a whiplash but had done no serious injury. However, it scared him; he began to move faster toward the trees.

Then the natives raised a prodigious din, yelling and beating sticks together. It frightened and enraged him more than my ill-aimed bullet had done. He turned and charged them—chased them back to cover.

The range was now about two hundred yards, which is much too long for a shot at anything as difficult to kill as an elephant. I did almost the worst thing I could have done—fired and missed.

He faced about and charged me. An elephant comes faster than anything else on four legs. I remembered Selous's advice to stand still and shoot, but, being thoroughly scared, shot too soon. I hit him twice in the head with .404 bullets, but the bullets no more stopped him than if he had been an avalanche. He had the higher ground, and came screaming down the slope with his huge ears extended.

I know many men who could have faced that without a tremor. It froze me. I knew what I ought to do. I could almost hear Selous's voice telling me. But I could not shoot. I could not make my arms obey. Fear, which is the father of all bad advice, instructed me to run. Luckily for me, I disobeyed Fear that time. But I actually felt that elephant's hot breath on my face before the end came.

It happened this way:

I saw a mental picture of Selous, stark naked at a camp fire, patiently explaining that an elephant can run and turn much faster than a man. I remembered the sketch I had made of Selous. Then I suddenly saw a mental picture of myself, not quite naked but in shirt tails, running like hell with an elephant after me. It was so ridiculous, so comical, that I came unfrozen. I brained that elephant within six feet of me; he fell dead with his tusk almost touching my foot. Then a backwave of Fear swept over me and I leaned on the dead brute's head and was sick. That made me laugh aloud, and laughter soon had me feeling all right again.

LATER I shot lots of elephants. I should say about one in twenty of them charged. I have been down under and smashed by an elephant that died on top of me. I don't believe there are more than half a dozen men alive, except Protectorate officials nowadays, who have hunted elephants more than I have. But I never lost fear of them.

Fear is a liar and a corrupter of manhood. There is no virtue in it; no good in it. Whoever acts from Fear invariably acts unwisely. A fearful mother educates her child to be a coward and unfit to face life's handicap. A fearful business man is undependable and "unlucky." When I am afraid to go broke, I find I always go broke—pronto. Self-pity keeps me broke until I see the humor of it. Then things always get better again.

That is why I am betting on President Franklin Roosevelt. He seems to me to have a sense of humor, and I don't think he's afraid; so his judgment is likely to be a great deal better in emergency than yours or mine.

Here's a toast to him. He laughed first. May he go on laughing at the Yes-he-seems-to-be-succeeding-but gang. May he laugh last! If he can do that, then there's nothing to trouble the rest of us but keeping up with the procession.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

By ERLE

The Case of the Howling Dog

(Reading time: 26 minutes 30 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, well known criminal lawyer, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will and to have his next-door neighbor, Clinton Foley, forced to stop his police dog's howling. Cartright seems to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Mason has a warning sent to Foley about the dog.

The next morning Mason receives a letter containing a will written by Cartright, leaving nine tenths of his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley and the other tenth to the lawyer himself, on condition that he represent Mrs. Foley's interests.

Clinton Foley, in answer to the warning about the dog, makes a counterclaim that Cartright is mentally unbalanced. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go to the Foley house to investigate. They talk to Mrs. Benton, Foley's housekeeper, and others. Foley sends for his wife but is told she has left the house. He goes upstairs and returns with a note telling him that his wife has gone away with Cartright.

Perry Mason hires Paul Drake, head of a detective agency, to try and find Cartright and Mrs. Foley. Drake cannot trace them, but discovers that Foley's real name is Forbes and that the woman known as Mrs. Foley is actually Mrs. Paula Cartright. The two families formerly lived in Santa Barbara.

Perry Mason goes out to the Foley house and discovers Clinton Foley dead on the library floor. He has been shot from close quarters. The police dog has also been killed by two bullets. Mason telephones Paul Drake to call off two detectives assigned to watch the Foley house, and then he calls up Police Headquarters and the Homicide Squad takes charge. Mason goes to Drake's office to confer with the called-off detectives, Wheeler and Doake.

PART FIVE—THE PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF

ED WHEELER took out a leather-backed notebook from his coat pocket, thumbed the pages, and said, "We went on duty at six o'clock. At about six fifteen the housekeeper, Thelma Benton, went out."

"Did she go out the front door or the back door?"

"Out the front door."

"All right; where did she go?"

"There was a man called for her in a small car."

"Just about the same build," the driver said, looking Della Street over with appreciative eyes. "She wasn't as pretty as this girl and she may have been a little heavier."

Perry Mason Unmasks a Woman of Mystery and Plans a Strange Masquerade

"Get the license?" Mason asked.

"Sure. It was 6-M-9245."

"What kind of a car—coupé, sedan, or roadster?"

"A coupé."

"All right; then what?" Mason inquired.

"Then things were quiet. Nobody came and nobody left until seven twenty-five. It was really a little past that—almost seven twenty-six, but I called it seven twenty-five. A checker taxicab came to the place and a woman got out."

"Did you get the number of the cab?"

"I DIDN'T get the license number. The cab number was painted on the side of the car and was easier to get than the license number, so I got that."

"What was it?"

"86-C."

"There's no chance that you're mistaken on that?"

"None."

"That's right," rumbled the other detective. "We're positive about the license numbers and all that stuff."

"All right; go on," said Mason.

"A woman got out and went into the house and the cab went away."

"It didn't wait?"

"No, it didn't wait. But it came back after twelve minutes."

"ALL right," Mason said. "How about the woman? What'd she look like?"

"We can't tell exactly. She was well dressed and had on a dark fur coat."

"Did she wear gloves?"

"She wore gloves."

"Did you see her face?"

"Not plainly. You see, it was dark by that time. The street light showed the taxicab pretty plainly, and that made a shadow right where the woman got out. Then she walked rapidly up the walk to the house and went in."

"Did she ring the bell?"

"Yes, she rang the bell."

"Was she a long time about getting in?"

"No, she went in in just a minute or two."

"Wait a minute," said Mason. "You say she rang the doorbell. How do you know?"

"I saw her bending over by the door. I figured that that was what she was doing."

"Couldn't she have been opening the lock with a key?"

"Yes, she *could* have done that," said Wheeler. "Come to think of it, maybe that's what she was doing."

"Is there any chance the woman could have been Thelma Benton?"

"I don't think so. When Thelma Benton left she was wearing a different kind of coat. This woman wore a long black fur coat."

"How long was she in there?" asked the lawyer.

"She was in there fifteen minutes—maybe sixteen minutes. I've got the cab marked as driving away right after she went in. Then the cab came back in twelve minutes, and the woman left at seven forty-two."

"Did you hear any commotion? Dogs barking or anything?"

"No, we didn't. But we wouldn't have heard anything anyway. You see, we were a ways down the block. It was the best place we could find to watch. The chief told us that he wanted us to be absolutely certain we weren't spotted."

"All right," said Perry Mason. "What happened next?"

"After the woman drove away, nothing happened until you showed up. You came in a yellow cab, and the cab number was 362. You got in there at eight twenty-nine according to my watch, and we don't know what happened after that. We telephoned

Della Street

"You know what I'm talking about," Perry Mason told her. "You're about at the end of your rope—Mrs. Bessie Forbes."

in to Drake, and Drake told us to get off the job right away and come in to the place here. But as we were driving away we heard a bunch of sirens, so we wondered if anything had happened."

"All right," Mason told him. "Don't wonder. It's not what you're paid to do."

"O. K."

"All right," Mason said. "Here's what I want. I want you to round up that Checker driver, number 86-C, and bring him up to the place here. No—wait a minute; don't bring him up to the place. Get him spotted and telephone me here. I'll go talk with him myself."

"Anything else?"

"Not right away," said Perry Mason. He turned to Paul Drake. "You're moving heaven and earth to get a line on those people I told you about?"

Drake nodded. "I think I've got something for you, Perry," he said, "but let's get rid of these boys first."

"On your way," Mason told them. "Get down to the Checker office. Find out who's running 86-C and get him spotted for me, then telephone the office here just as soon as you've got him spotted. Another thing: it might be a good plan for you boys not to listen to any gossip while you're on the job."

"How do you mean?" Drake asked.

"I MEAN," Mason said, "that I don't want these boys getting mixed into anything, other than being private dicks working for day wages. Do you get me?"

"I think I get you," said Drake. "You boys understand?"

"We understand," Wheeler said.

"Get started, then," said Mason.

When the door had closed he turned to Paul Drake.

"Paul," he said, "there was a telegram sent from Midwick to Clinton Foley. That telegram purported to have been signed by the woman who had posed as Foley's wife and asked him not to do anything criminally against Cartright. I want to get a photostatic copy of that telegram. Do you suppose you can work it?"

"It's going to be a job," Drake said.

"Never mind how much of a job it is—I want you to get it."

"All right."

"Get started on that now."

Paul Drake reached for a telephone, paused a moment, then said, "I'd better go in another office and put that call through. Stick around; I've got something to tell you."

"I've got lots to tell you," Perry Mason said. "Only I'm not going to tell you right now."

Drake stepped through a communicating door to another office, closed the door behind him, was gone five minutes, returned, and nodded to Mason.

"I think I can fix it," he said.

"All right," Mason said. "Now tell me what you've found out."

The telephone rang. Paul Drake made a gesture for silence, scooped up the receiver, said "Hello," then listened.

"Got the address?" he asked at length.

He nodded his head, then turned to Mason.

"Make a note of this, will you, Perry?"

"Shoot," Mason said.

PAUL DRAKE said in a slow voice, "Breedmont Hotel—B-r-e-e-d-m-o-n-t Hotel. Ninth and Masonic. Room 764. And the name is Mrs. C. M. Dangerfield. Is that right?" He paused for a moment, then nodded.

"All right, Perry," he said. "That's all."

He slipped the receiver back on its hook.

"Who's that?" asked Perry Mason.

"That," said Paul Drake, "is the name under which Mrs. Bessie Forbes is registered at a hotel here in the city. Do you want to go see her?"

Perry Mason heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now," he said, "we're commencing to get some place."

"You want to go see her now?" asked Paul Drake.

"We've got to see that taxi driver first," Mason told him. "We'll have to get him up here now."

"Why is the taxi driver so important?"

"I want to see that taxi driver, and see him first," Mason said. "Also I want to get a shorthand reporter to take down the conversation. I have an idea I've got to get Della Street back to the office."

Paul Drake grinned at him.

"You don't need to worry about that girl," he said. "She's back at your office. She telephoned me."

The telephone rang again. Drake picked up the receiver, said, "Hello," and listened for a moment.

"The boys have located that cab driver, Perry," he said. "They haven't talked with him yet, but they've found out from the cab office where he is."

"Tell the boys to go and hire the cab; to take it to my office and bring the driver up with them."

Drake nodded, telephoned Mason's instructions.

"What next?" he asked. "Do we go up to your office and wait?"

Perry Mason nodded. . . .

The cab driver fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair, glanced at Perry Mason, eyed the two detectives, looked at Della Street.

Della Street was perched on the edge of a chair, knees crossed, notebook held open on the desk.

"What's the idea?" the driver said.

"Just want to find out some information from you," said Mason. "We're collecting some evidence in connection with a case."

"What sort of a case?"

Mason nodded to Della Street, and she began taking notes.

"The case," said Perry Mason slowly, "was a case involving a neighborhood fight over a howling dog. It seems to have developed into complications. I want you to understand that the questions I am about to ask you deal only with the neighborhood fight over the howling dog."

The cab driver settled back.

"All right," he said. "My meter's running downstairs."

"That's all right," Mason told him. "You get paid for the meter, and you get five dollars on top of it."

"All right," he said; "go ahead."

"Around seven fifteen, or perhaps a little earlier, you picked up a passenger who had you take her to 4889 Milpas Drive," said Perry Mason.

"So that's it, eh?" said the driver.

"That's it," Mason said.

"What do you want to know?"

"What did the woman look like?"

"GEE, chief, that's hard to tell. I remember she had on a black fur, and she had some peculiar kind of perfume. She left a handkerchief in the car, and I smelled it. I was going to turn the handkerchief in to the Lost and Found Department if she didn't claim it."

"How tall was she?" asked Mason.

The driver shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't you give us any idea?"

The driver looked around him.

Perry Mason nodded to Della Street. "Stand up, Della," he said.

The girl stood up.

"Tall as this girl?" Mason asked.

"Just about the same build," the driver said, looking Della Street over with appreciative eyes. "She wasn't as pretty as this girl and she may have been a little heavier."

"Remember the color of her eyes?"

"No, I don't. I thought they were black, but maybe they were brown. She had a peculiar voice, a high-pitched voice, and talked fast."

"You don't remember very much about her, then?" said Mason.

"Not too much, boss. She was the type of woman that you wouldn't—that is, that I wouldn't. There's lots of janes gets in a cab and starts getting friendly right away. Well, she wasn't the kind that got friendly."

"Did she have any rings on?"

"She had black gloves," said the driver. "I remember because she fumbled around in her purse."

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"All right. You took her there, and then what did you do?"

"I took her there, and she told me to watch her until I saw her get into the house. Then I was to go some place to a public telephone and telephone a number and deliver a message."

"All right," said Mason. "What was the number and what was the message?"

"It was a funny message."

"Did she write it out?"

"No; she just told me, and made me repeat it twice."

"All right; go ahead. What was it?"

The driver took a notebook from his pocket and said: "I wrote down the number. It was Parkcrest 62945, and I was to ask for Arthur, and tell him that he'd better go over to Clint's house right away, because Clint was having a show-down over Paula."

Perry Mason glanced over at Paul Drake. Paul Drake's eyes were suddenly thoughtful, and they stared at Perry Mason with concerned speculation.

"All right," the lawyer said. "Did you deliver the message?"

"No, I didn't. I couldn't get anybody to answer the telephone. I tried three times, and then I came back. I waited a minute or two, and the jane came out and I took her back."

"Where did you pick her up?"

"I was cruising around at Tenth and Masonic Streets, and I picked her up there. She had me take her back to the same place I picked her up."

"What's your name?" asked Perry Mason.

"Marson—Sam Marson, sir. And I live at the Bellview Rooms. That's on West Nineteenth Street."

"You haven't turned in that handkerchief yet?" asked Perry Mason.

Marson fished in his side coat pocket, took out a dainty square of lace, held it up and sniffed it appreciatively.

"That's the perfume," he said.

PERRY MASON reached for the handkerchief, smelled it, then handed it across to Paul Drake. The detective smelled it and shrugged his shoulders.

"Let Della take a whiff and see if she can tell us what the perfume is," Perry Mason said.

Drake passed the handkerchief over to Della. She smelled it, then handed it back to Drake, looked at Perry Mason, and nodded.

"I can tell," she said.

"Well, what is it?" said Paul Drake.

Perry Mason shook his head almost imperceptibly.

Drake hesitated for a moment, then dropped the handkerchief into the side pocket of his coat.

"We'll take care of the handkerchief," he told the cab driver.

Perry Mason's voice was suddenly edged with impatience.

"Wait a minute, Drake," he said. "I'm running this show. Give the man back his handkerchief."

Drake looked at Perry Mason with a puzzled incomprehension upon his face.

"Go on," the lawyer said. "Give it back. He's got to keep it for a while and see if she calls for it."

"Shouldn't I turn it in to the Lost and Found Department?" asked the cab driver, reaching for the handkerchief and putting it in his pocket.

"No," said Perry Mason; "not right away. Keep it for a while. I have an idea the same woman will probably show up and demand the handkerchief. When she does, ask her for her name and address. See? Tell her that you've got to make a report to the company, because you said over the telephone you had a handkerchief to surrender and you'd have to find out the woman's name and address, or something like that. See?"

"O. K.; I see," said the cab driver. "Anything else?"

"I THINK that's all," Mason told him. "We can reach you if we need you."

"You taking down everything I say?" asked the driver, looking over at the notebook in front of Della.

"Taking down the questions and answers," Perry Mason assured him casually. "So that I can show my client I've been on the job. It makes a difference, you know."

"Sure," said the cab driver. "We've all got to live. How about the meter?"

"One of the boys will go down with you and pay off the meter," Perry Mason said. "Be sure you take good care of that handkerchief, and be sure that you get the name and address of the woman who claims it."

"Sure," said the cab driver; "that's a cinch."

He left the room, and at a nod from Paul Drake the two detectives went with him.

Perry Mason turned to Della Street.

"What perfume, Della?" he asked.

"It just happens," said Della Street, "that I can tell you the name of that perfume, and I can also tell you that the young woman who wore it wasn't a working-girl—not unless she worked in pictures. A friend who sells perfumes let me smell a sample of it just the other day."

"All right," said Mason, "what is it?"

"It's *Vol de Nuit*," said Della Street.

Perry Mason got to his feet, started pacing the office, head thrust forward, thumbs tucked in the armholes of his vest. Abruptly he whirled on Della Street.

"All right," he said. "Get this friend of yours and get a bottle of that perfume. Never mind what it costs. Bust into the store if you have to. Get that just as soon as you can, and then come back to the office and wait until you hear from me."

"You got something in mind, Perry?" asked Paul Drake.

Mason nodded wordlessly.

"I don't want to say anything," said Drake, choosing his words carefully and speaking with that charac-

teristic drawl which gave the impression of a man to whom all forms of excitement had become a matter of routine. "But it seems to me that you're skating on thin ice. I'd like to know more about what the sirens were doing, screaming out toward that Foley residence, before you get mixed into this thing too deep."

Mason studied Drake steadily for several seconds, and then said, "Were you going to tell me how to practice law?"

"I might tell you," said Paul Drake, "how to keep out of jail. I don't know law, but I know thin ice when I see it."

"A lawyer," said Perry Mason slowly, "who wouldn't skate on thin ice for a client ain't worth a damn."

"Suppose you break through?" Drake asked.

"Listen," Mason told him; "I know what I'm doing." He walked to the desk, extended his forefinger, and drew it along the blotter.

"There's the line of the law," he said. "I'm going to come so damn' close to that line that I'm going to rub elbows with it. But I'm not going to go across it. That's why I want witnesses to everything I do."

"What are you going to do?" asked Drake.

"Plenty," said Perry Mason. "Get your hat; we're going to go places."

"Such as?" Drake wanted to know.

"The Breedmont Hotel," said Perry Mason. . . .

The seventh floor of the Breedmont Hotel was a wide vista of polished doors.

"What was the room number?" asked Perry Mason.

"Seven sixty-four," Drake told him. "It's around the corner here."

"O. K.," the lawyer said.

"What do you want me to do?" Drake asked.

"Keep everything shut except your eyes and your ears, unless I give you a tip to cut in on the conversation," Mason said.

"All right," Drake remarked. "Here's your door."

Perry Mason knocked on it.

FOR several seconds there was no sound from the interior of the room. Mason knocked again, and then there was the rustle of motion, the sound of a bolt clicking, and a high-pitched feminine voice, speaking with nervous rapidity, said, "Who is it?" The door opened a bare crack.

"An attorney who wants to see you on a matter of importance," Perry Mason said in a low voice.

"I don't want to see any one," said the high-pitched voice, and the door started to close.

Perry Mason's foot blocked the door just before the latch clicked into position.

"Come on, Paul," he said, and put his shoulder to the door.

A woman gave a high hysterical scream, struggled for a moment, and then the door abruptly yielded.

The two men walked into the hotel bedroom as a partially clad woman staggered off balance, stared at them in white-faced panic, and abruptly snatched a silk kimono from the back of a chair.

"How dare you!" she blazed.

"Close the door, Paul," said Perry Mason.

The woman gathered the robe around her, walked determinedly to the telephone.

"I," she said, "am about to telephone to the police."

"Never mind about that," Perry Mason told her. "The police will be here soon enough."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about," Perry Mason told her. "You're about at the end of your rope—Mrs. Bessie Forbes."

At the name the woman stood stiff and erect, staring at them with eyes that were dark with panic.

"Good God!" she said.

"Exactly," said Perry Mason. "Sit down now and talk sense. We've got just a few minutes to talk, and I've got to tell you a lot. You've got to listen and cut out all this monkey business."

SHE dropped into a chair, and her excitement was such that the dressing gown fell open and remained unnoticed, disclosing the gleam of a bare shoulder, the luster of a sheer silk stocking.

Perry Mason stood with his feet planted apart, his shoulders squared, and snapped words at the woman as though they had been missiles.

"I know all about you," he said. "There's no need to make any denial or go in for any heroics or hysterics. You were the wife of Clinton Forbes. He left you in Santa Barbara and ran away with Paula Cartright. You tried to follow them. I don't know what your object was. I'm not asking you that, yet. Cartright located Clinton Forbes before you did. Forbes was living on Milpas Drive, under the name of Clinton Foley. Cartright got the house adjoining him, but didn't make his identity known. He was pretty well broken up. He was watching all the time, trying to find out whether Forbes was making his wife happy.

"I don't know just when you found out about it, or just how you found out about it, but it wasn't very long ago that you got wise to the whole situation.

"Now then, here's the funny thing. I'm a lawyer. You may have read about me. I've tried a few murder cases, and I expect to try some more. I specialize on criminal-trial work on the big cases. My name's Perry Mason."

"You!" she said in a tone of breathless interest. "You? You're Perry Mason?"

He nodded.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Nix on that noise," he said, "and remember we've got an audience. I'm going to tell you a lot of stuff while I've got a witness here."

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"Yes," she said, "I guess I understand what you want, all right. But I'm so glad to see you. I wanted—"

"Shut up," he told her, "and listen."

She nodded.

"Cartright," said Perry Mason, "came to my office. He acted strangely. He wanted to make a will. We won't talk about the terms of that will—not yet. But with the will came a letter and a retainer. The letter instructed me to protect the interests of the wife of the man who was living at 4889 Milpas Drive under the name of Clinton Foley. Now get that, and get it straight. He didn't tell me to protect the woman who was going under the name of Mrs. Foley at 4889 Milpas Drive, but he told me to protect the lawfully wedded wife of the man who was going under the name of Clinton Foley at that place."

"But did he understand just what he was doing? He wouldn't—"

"Shut up," Mason said. "Time's precious. I've got a witness to listen to what I say to you. I know what that's going to be. But I may not want a witness to what you say to me, because I don't know what you're going to say. Understand. I'm a lawyer, trying to protect you.

"Now, Arthur Cartright mailed me a substantial retainer, with instructions to protect you and see that your legal rights were safeguarded. I've got the fee, and I propose to earn it. If you don't want my services, all you've got to do is to say so and I walk out right now. Do you understand that?"

"No, no," she said in a shrill, high-pitched voice. "I want your services. I need them! I want—"

"All right," Perry Mason said. "Now then, can you do what I tell you to?"

"If it isn't too complicated," she said.

"It's going to be hard," he said, "but it isn't going to be complicated."

"All right," she said. "What is it?"

"If anybody," he told her, "questions you about where you were at any time tonight, or what you were doing, tell them that you can't answer *any* questions unless your attorney is present, and that I'm your lawyer. Now, can you remember that?"

"Yes. That won't be hard to do, will it?"

"It may be," he told her. "And if they ask you how I became your lawyer, or when you hired me, or anything of that sort, simply make the same answer. And make the same answer to all questions.

"If they ask you what the weather is, if they ask you how old you are, if they ask you what kind of face cream you use, or anything else, make the same answer. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

Perry Mason abruptly walked to the fireplace.

"What's been burning here?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said.

Perry Mason leaned over the fireplace and stirred the ashes in the grate.

"Smells like some kind of cloth," he said.

THE woman said nothing, but stared at him in white-faced silence.

Perry Mason picked up a small piece of cloth. It was silk, green, and printed with a brown triangle.

"Looks like part of a scarf," he said.

She took a swift step toward him.

"I didn't know—"

"Shut up!" he said, whirling on her.

He took the singed bit of cloth, put it in his vest pocket, then pulled the grate out of the fireplace and started poking through the ashes. After a moment he straightened, walked to the dressing table, picked up a bottle of perfume, smelled it—walked swiftly to the washstand, pulled the cork, and dumped the perfume down the basin.

The woman gasped, moved toward him, and put a restraining hand on his arm.

"Stop!" she said. "That stuff costs—"

He whirled on her with eyes that were blazing.

"It's likely to cost a hell of a lot!" he said. "Now listen to this, and get it straight: Check out of this hotel. Go to the Broadway Hotel on Forty-second Street. Register under the name of Bessie Forbes. Be careful what you take with you and be careful what you leave behind. Buy yourself some good cheap perfume—and when I say cheap I mean cheap. Souse it all over everything you've got. Do you get me?"

She nodded. "Then what?" she asked.

"Then," he said, "sit tight and don't answer any questions. No matter who asks you a question or what it's about, say that you won't do anything until your lawyer is present!"

He turned on the hot-water tap, washed out the perfume bottle, kept the hot water running.

The room gave forth a fragrance of perfume, and Perry Mason turned to Paul Drake.

"Better smoke, Paul," he said. "A cigar if you've got one."

Paul Drake nodded, pulled a cigar from his pocket, clipped off the end and struck a match to it. Perry Mason walked across to the windows, raised them, and nodded to the woman.

"GET some clothes on," he said. "My telephone number is Central 69324. Make a note of it. Call me if anything happens. Remember that my services aren't going to cost you a cent. They're all paid for. Remember that you're going to answer all questions asked of you, no matter what they may be, with just that one answer—that you can't talk unless your lawyer tells you to. Have you got that straight?"

She nodded.

"Have you got guts enough," he asked, "to stand on your two feet, look the world squarely in the eyes, and tell them you won't answer a single question unless your lawyer is there?"

She lowered her eyes and looked thoughtful.

"Suppose," she said, "that they tell me that would work against me? That is, isn't it supposed to be an admission of guilt for a person to make a statement like that? Not that I'm guilty of anything, but you seem to think that—"

"Please," he said, "don't argue with me. Have enough confidence in me to do as I tell you. *Will* you do that?"

She nodded.

"All right," he told her. "That's all, Drake. Come on." He turned, pulled open the door of the room—paused on the threshold to give her a parting instruction.

"When you check out of here," he said, "don't leave a back trail. Go to the depot and buy a ticket some place. Then switch red-cap porters, pick up another taxicab, and go to the place I told you and register under the name I told you. You got that straight?"

She nodded.

"All right," said Mason. "Come on, Paul."

The door banged behind them.

In the corridor Paul Drake looked at Perry Mason.

"You," he said, "may think that you're keeping on one side of the line, but it looks to me as though you've gone over."

"Think I've broken through the thin ice, Paul?" asked Perry Mason.

"Hell!" said Paul Drake explosively. "You're in ice water up to your chin now, and it's getting deeper."

"Stick around," Perry Mason told him. "You haven't seen anything yet. Here's what I want you to do. I want you to get me an actress, about twenty-eight years old, about the same build as that woman, and have her at my office just as quick as you can get her there. She's going to make three hundred dollars for doing something, and I'm going to guarantee that it's going to be within the law. I don't want you to be there personally, and don't want you to know anything about it. I simply want you to get the actress and send her to me. I want you to get a girl who will do anything. You understand? Anything!"

"How much time have I?" asked Paul Drake.

"You've got less than ten minutes."

Did Perry Mason know why the dog howled? Was Bessie Forbes telling the truth? Why wouldn't Mason let her talk? Why did he want an actress? Read the answers to these absorbing questions in next week's installment of this gripping novel. It contains one of the most dramatic moments of the whole story.

CAVE MAN, SNOW MAN, MONSTER

The Films Present Mr. Cagney in a Familiar Rôle. A New Twist on an Eskimo Theme, a Smaller and Tamer Kong, and Another Spy Affair

By BEVERLY HILLS

(Reading time: 7 minutes 10 seconds.)

A CAREFUL appraisal of the pictures that come up for review this week indicates that imitation is the sincerest form of self-esteem. The wholesale plagiarism which was customary in Hollywood until producers acquired a sense of ethics prompted by red ink is now practiced a little less extensively than it was, so that "cycles" are less frequent and less prolonged. But it begins to appear that instead of imitating each other they have come down to imitating themselves. This is a sad state of affairs for all parties concerned. When a company sets out to steal another's property there is some reason to suppose that the result will have at least the novelty of a disguise. When a studio is willing to copy its own product the last excuse for originality disappears.

It does not necessarily follow that all such unambitious efforts are to be avoided. Aside from the fact that they are carbon copies, this week's movies are a fairly satisfactory collection. The best of them are probably Man of Two Worlds and the Cagney picture, Lady Killer, which has the advantages of well paced direction and of a performance as expert as long familiarity can make it.

Lady Killer was designed for urban audiences, and custodians of small children should be troubled if their small fry enjoy it. In this respect it is unlike Son of Kong, a comfortable nightmare which minors, like their parents, should like more than Alice in Wonderland, which was made especially for them.

Man of Two Worlds is a snow-and-ice extravaganza which introduces to the cinema a leading man whose instinct for realistic detail is such that he wore real hobnails in his boots last winter when he was engaged in scrambling up a papier-mâché Alp on Broadway.

Woman Spy is what its title leads you to expect.

1 star means fairly good. 2 stars, good. 3 stars, excellent. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ LADY KILLER

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Mae Clark, Leslie Fenton, Margaret Lindsay, Henry O'Neill, Willard Robertson, Douglas Cosgrove, Raymond Hatton, Russell Hopton, George Blackwood, William Davidson, Marjorie Gateson, and others. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

It occurs to this department that in the matter of repeating themselves Warner Brothers have been most assiduous. 42nd Street, Gold Diggers, and Footlight Parade have caused dance directors to replace cowboys as models of cinematic virility and made it almost impossible to watch a line of precision dancers in action without expecting them to stop when Ruby Keeler twists her ankle. As to Cagney, because a scene in Public Enemy which showed him hitting Mae Clark in the face with a grapefruit got good laughs some years ago, he has been maltreating his leading ladies ever since. In Lady Killer he is back with Mae Clark again, still infighting.

It is not our contention that Cagney should be dressed up in knee breeches and ordered to perform Voltaire, but it might be possible to think up stories which would enable him to prove, as he has often started to in spite of his material, that he is capable of delivering more than a dirty look and a short right hook.

Lady Killer, in which he takes up with a gang of thieves and leaves them to become a movie extra, gives him no such opportunity. It is standard Cagney entertainment,

Mae Clark—how she can take it!—and James Cagney —how he can sock!—in a scene from Lady Killer.

Man of Two Worlds, a reversal of the "arctic" theme, features Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna.

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flip, lively, episodic, and familiar. Mae Clark, as a member of the gang of thieves who pursue Cagney to Hollywood when he has become a cinema celebrity, contrives, when Cagney is not dragging her around by the hair or hitting her on the chin, to make her rôle seem more than that of a punching bag. There is a good shot of Cagney forcing a movie critic to eat his review.

★★★ MAN OF TWO WORLDS

THE PLAYERS: Francis Lederer, Elissa Landi, Henry Stephenson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Steffi Duna, Sarah Padden, Walter Byron, Forrester Harvey, Ivan Simpson, Lumsden Hare, and others. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

Man of Two Worlds is an old-fashioned imitation, which means that it does not give the appearance of being an imitation at all. It probably would not have been made by Radio if Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had not made Eskimo and if Universal had not beaten M.-G.-M. to the punch with S O S Iceberg, but it is a legitimate derivation. As a matter of fact it illustrates almost perfectly the advantages of intelligent plagiarism. Instead of showing the unhappy effects of a white man's love affair with an aboriginal it investigates the consequences of an Eskimo's attachment for a highly civilized Caucasian.

She (Elissa Landi) is the daughter of an explorer. The Eskimo follows her back to London with two members of the expedition. This sounds like an extraordinarily obvious reversal of the usual accepted nature-picture formula, as indeed it is, but it is also an improvement. The truth is that snow, even in large quantities, is a bore. An Eskimo in London is a much more entertaining individual than a Londoner in Lapland, and when you see civilized people being gentle and pleasant to a visitor from the primitive Great White Way it is a considerably more diverting spectacle than that of a sophisticated scientist pretending to enjoy a dinner of moose meat on the hoof in the squalid interior of a corn-flake igloo.

Man of Two Worlds is also a good vehicle for Lederer, a European actor whom it was natural to suppose the movies would introduce to the American public in a frock-coat comedy, because he got more fan mail than any other matinée idol in New York last year. Lederer has a good rôle in Man of Two Worlds and he fills it properly without once looking at himself in the camera.

★★ SON OF KONG

THE PLAYERS: Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Frank Reicher, John Marston, Lee Kolmar, Victor Wong, and others. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack.

This picture is such an unpretentious little sequel to King Kong that it should possibly be considered less a copy than an echo. It appears that when King Kong was finished a few scraps of jungle scenery, one or two mechanical monsters, and some tassels of fur were left lying around the set and Director Schoedsack got the job of making them into a picture.

Unlike his father—who was virtually fifty feet high and moved by machinery—young Kong is barely twice the size of a tall man and he looks smaller. His father behaved like Harpo Marx whenever he saw Fay Wray, but little Kong, possibly because he is so young, is more polite in his attentions to Helen Mack. The picture starts where King Kong stopped—with Robert Armstrong leaving New York to return to Kong's island for buried treasure. Young Kong treats him hospitably on his arrival. An earthquake at the end of Son of Kong makes it improbable that there will be another sequel, called Kong's Grandson.

Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong in the jungle film, Son of Kong.

★★ WOMAN SPY

THE PLAYERS: Fay Wray, Nils Asther, Edward Arnold, John Miljan, David Torrence, Douglas Walton, Oscar Apfel, Cince Barnett, and others. Directed by Karl Freund.

Spies in the movies are always exceptionally stupid. Fay Wray and Nils Asther in Woman Spy conduct themselves in a way which suggests that it would be difficult for either one to go through the multiplication table up to five. For example, Asther is an Austrian spy and Fay Wray a Russian one. When they marry, each is apparently under the impression that the other has an independent income. An imitation of all the ten-cent under-cover stories that have come out of Hollywood for the last decade, Woman Spy is commendable only because it deals with an exciting subject and because it gets better service than it deserves from cast and director.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses.

★★★—Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage.

SCREEN COMMENT

A brief survey of this week's efforts indicates that the fashions for movies in 1934 will be very similar to those for 1933 and it should be possible at this time to predict what will happen in the moving-picture industry for the next ten months, as follows:

March. Mae West's new picture will be released and the Hays organization will announce that the movies are being cleaned up from within.

April. Five more historical romances without laughs.

May. Little Man, What Now? having proved a box-office success, Warner Brothers will hold story conferences on a picture to be called Little Women, So What?

June. Sales conventions, promising important new developments in the near future.

July. Four more historical romances without laughs.

August. A musical in which the chorus girl who understudies the lead falls down and really breaks not only her ankle but her nose.

September. Historical romances are all through. The public is tired of them.

October. Charles Laughton as Louis XIV in a picture made by Elstree cleans up. Historical pictures are due for a comeback.

November. A fifty-dollar-a-week scenarist threatens to sue his landlord for not putting his name in lights.

December. Newsreels of cherry-blossom time in Japan, battleship launchings in Norfolk, Virginia, and a baby parade in St. Petersburg, Florida. Five hundred critics, trying to pick the ten best pictures for 1934, achieve an aggregate time waste of two years.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the motto of the United States, and what does it mean?

2—Which French king was called the Great Monarch?

3—How did California get its name?

4—Which were the last two states to be admitted to the Union?

5—Where is the Giant's Causeway?

6—Who was Becky Sharp?

7—Where is Abraham Lincoln buried?

8—Who wrote the song America?

9—What is a Cooper Hewitt lamp?

10—Which is the chief seaport of Italy?

11—Who invented the game of polo?

12—Where is the Colorado Desert?

13—Who was the woman who was made printer and publisher in ordinary to Queen Victoria?

14—What is Al Jolson's real name?

15—Who wrote Adam Bede?

16—What does *corpus delicti* mean?

17—What is a *pince-nez?*

18—When did William of Normandy conquer England?

19—Who was Walter Hines Page?

20—What writer produced the series of political pamphlets entitled The Crisis?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY ADDS POUNDS

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I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia

Wings to the Rescue—The Holy City as a Christmas Present—Allenby's Wooden Horses—Two Armies Are Wiped Off the Map

(Reading time: 20 minutes 50 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

"LOOK OUT!" I yelled to Lawrence. He just made the top of a range and dropped behind it as the plane started firing a stream of machine-gun bullets. Unable to see him any longer, it made a quick turn and started in my direction. I was running for my own machine, but I realized that I never would make it.

Just at that moment the noise of another airplane broke into the scene. Its shadow fell alongside that of the Boche plane as it came toward the other in a terrific dive. I threw myself flat on my face behind a rock and managed to look back over my shoulder.

Thank Heaven! There were red, white, and blue circles on the wing of the new ship. I recognized it as one from my own squadron at Jaffa.

The Boche suddenly realized his danger. He immediately forgot us on the ground and began to fight for altitude. Climbing rapidly, he looked like a frightened chicken trying to run from a hungry hawk. The British plane, having the advantage of the speed of its dive, rapidly overtook the enemy. And at about only fifteen hundred feet in the air the enemy plane, realizing that flight was futile, turned to stand battle.

I stood up. I was safe enough now. I could see Lawrence and his Arabs, now all mounted on their camels, standing on the other side of the ridges also watching the battle in the skies.

It was a hair-raising fight. The Boche plane was faster, but my comrade up there was a more skillful pilot. They came at each other straight on, pouring tracer bullets into each other. For a moment it looked as if it would be a head-on collision. And then the British ship suddenly rose from the German, made a quick Immelmann turn, and was on the enemy's tail. The black-winged fighter turned, dodged, wriggled, but in vain. The steady hail of lead from behind him kept pouring in. Now he looked like a dog with a tin can on his tail. But in this case the tin can meant death.

It was soon over. The planes had come lower and lower during the fight. They were no more than four hundred feet in the air when the end came. From where I stood I could see the Boche pilot suddenly stand up in his cockpit and throw up his arms. The British gunner scored a direct hit. Immediately the enemy plane dropped in wide sweeps to the ground, the engine screaming wildly. Above that noise I heard one agonized shriek of horror from the still unwounded observer. A moment later it struck the ground. There was a loud explosion, and a burst of flame enveloped the broken bird. I ran forward to try to save the gallant German, if he were still alive. But the heat was so terrific that I could not come within a hundred paces. I heard another scream from the observer, and that was all.

Overhead the British pilot dived low and waggled his wings at me. I waved back that all was well with me, and he immediately headed back in the direction of home.

As I walked back to my ship I felt a little sick at the stomach. I waved one last farewell to the retreating Arabs, who rose in their saddles and answered me. And then I took off, to follow the vanishing plane homeward.

When I landed at the airdrome several hours later, the first thing I did was to find out who my friend was. Billy Dutton was pointed out to me as the pilot.

I strode up to him and slapped him on the back.

"Thanks, old fellow! You certainly saved my bacon that time."

"All right, Norton," he said. "If you're inviting me to celebrate, I accept."

And arm in arm we went to the mess tent, drank several whisky-and-sodas, and fought the battle over again.

For the next few months we did nothing but plague the enemy. Of course, in due fairness, the Boche did his own amount of plaguing. Hardly a day passed without the loss of a machine and its human cargo on one side or the other. Our squadron almost completely changed personnel during that time. It was the fight for supremacy between the two air forces on the Eastern Front, but it wasn't settled until some time later.

Now it was already December, 1917. My first knowledge of the fact that Jerusalem was our next objective

By CAPTAIN JOHN H. NORTON
As told to
J. B. L. LAWRENCE

came when we received instruction one day to load up with bombs and raise the dust around the Turkish garrison in the immediate vicinity of the Holy City.

Then for almost two weeks daily we harassed Johnny Turk and his German allies. Our raids upon their supply lines and depots made the matter of food and ammunition a critical one for them.

Meanwhile General Allenby's infantry and cavalry were creeping closer and closer to Jerusalem. Each day they were capturing a Turkish stronghold and making it their new base.

"General Allenby has promised to give Jerusalem to the War Cabinet at home as a Christmas present," our C. O. laughingly told us.

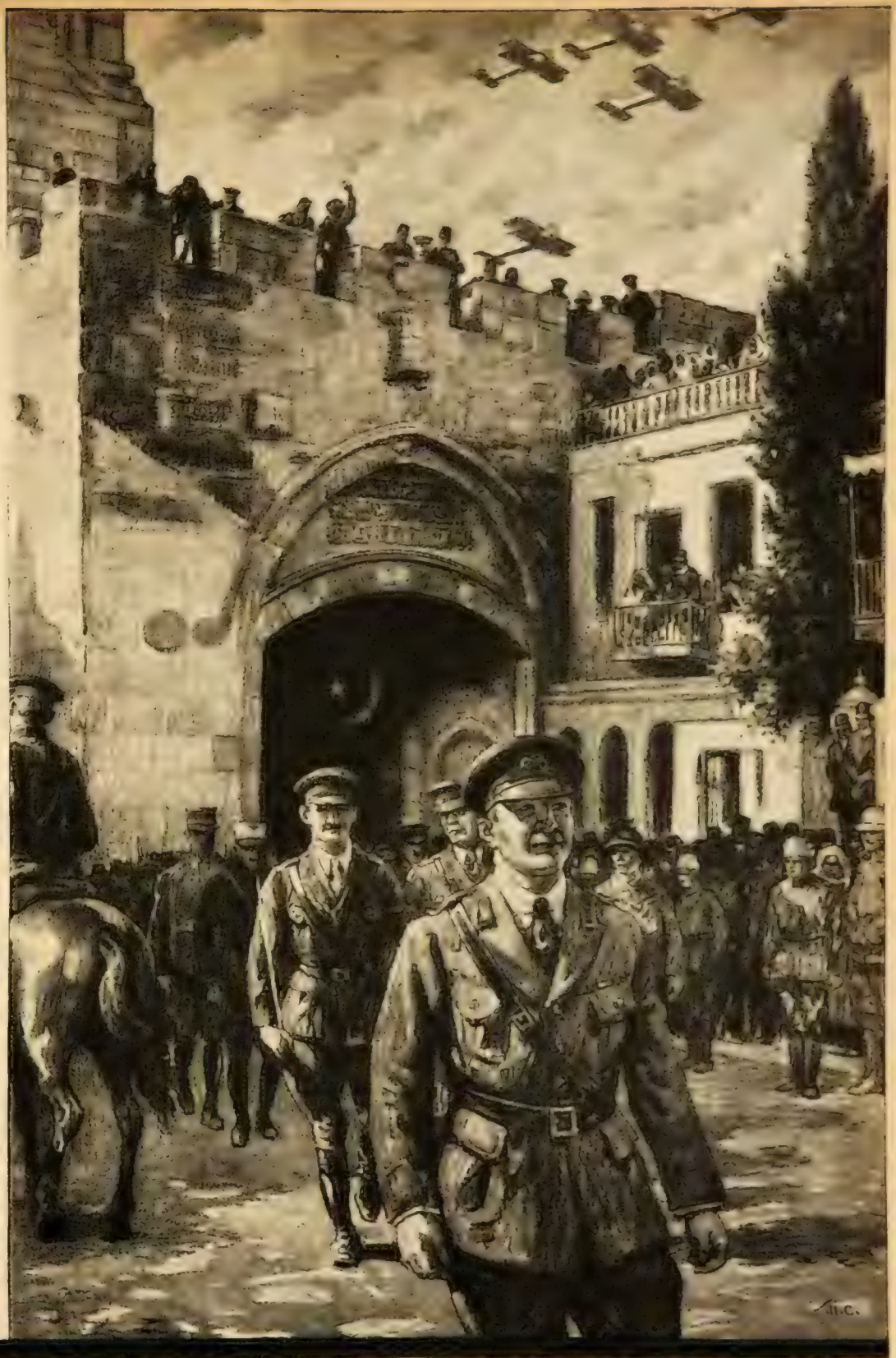
And, by Jove, he did! The troops proceeded along both flanks of the city at the same time that they were pressing in to its southern entrance. The Turks, having only one way of egress, did the only thing they could and returned north in the direction of Nablus after severe fighting.

"Please do not do any bombing of Jerusalem itself under any conditions --General Allenby is extra anxious that none of the holy places shall be in any way injured during this offensive," the C. O. told us. And we were very careful to see that none of them were.

The entry into Jerusalem was impressive. General Allenby motored to the Jaffa Gate from his headquarters one hundred miles away at Ramleh. With him were Colonel Lawrence and every other ranking officer of the British army on that front.

We were in the air over the city. Some of our soldiers were pressing hard on the rear of the retreating Turks. The rest all lined up for a triumphal and official entry into the city on December 11, 1917, although a substantial garrison had been quartered in Jerusalem since the capture two days before.

Our duty was to act as an aërial escort of honor, and also to keep a weather eye cocked for enemy airplanes, because spies had whispered that the Boche might try to send over some machines to interrupt our festivities.



At the head of the parade, striding forward on foot, they entered the city, successful modern crusaders.

ILLUSTRATION BY MONTE CREWS

Below, a Turkish cavalry patrol in the desert during the headlong retreat of the Ottoman armies.

ugh!
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At the Jaffa Gate, General Allenby, Colonel Lawrence, and the others stepped from their motor cars and, at the head of the parade and striding forward on foot, they passed through the gate in the city walls and entered the city in the name of St. George and Great Britain, successful modern crusaders—having achieved what Richard Cœur de Lion had so vainly sought to accomplish centuries before.

Every man, woman, and child in Jerusalem was present—on the street, the roofs, at the windows, and on the walls—screaming a welcome and waving in delirious joy at the entrance of the British. At last here was deliverance from the Turk who had oppressed them so long.

I knew that General Allenby was to make a speech in five or six different languages from the Tower of David, but unfortunately one can't hear much two thousand feet in the air, so I missed that part of the reception.

When we returned to our airdrome at Jaffa, the C. O. called me to his quarters.

"Norton, you are to make an advance flight—you'll have nine ships, with yourself in charge—and establish an airdrome at Jerusalem. That will give us better liaison with the Arabs under Lawrence on the other side of the Jordan Valley," he instructed me.

After several days of searching for a possible field, we finally picked out a long sloping open space just above the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The main road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem bounded its western edge. The field was literally covered with big white rocks and stones and we had to set an entire battalion of the Egyptian labor corps to work clearing it. Even then, when we moved over, it was anything but a pleasant place to use as a base of operations.

At one edge of the field was an old stone building. I told several of the mechanics to use it as a workshop for repairing the engines. Later, to the amusement of every one else, we found that it was the famous Rachel's tomb of Biblical fame.

WHILE we were stationed here we developed a new means of having fun in our off time. We had to develop something, because there was nothing to do around the Holy City. We had caught about a dozen of the long grass snakes which abounded in the olive groves around the airdrome. Each snake was from five to seven feet in length, thicker than your wrist, and quite harmless.

The procedure in using them, suggested by some wag, was as follows: Each of us would tie a band of colored ribbon around our particular snake's tummy to distinguish him. They would all be poured into a sack and carried out to the middle of the field. Here there was a large circle drawn, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter.

At the word "Go!" the sack would be emptied in the center and the fun would start. The winner was the first snake to cross the line, no matter where he crossed it. These race meetings attracted quite a crowd from the surrounding regiments, and betting became very spirited.

Betsy Baby, a rangy-looking animal—or is a snake an animal?—belonged to Billy Dutton. She had a brown mole upon her back. He said he had named her after an actress he once knew, because of the mole and her lack of hips. She may have been a beauty, but she was built more for comfort than for speed.

My entry had an aggravating way of wriggling very fast but going around in circles. As a result she was seldom a winner and cost me plenty.

Jericho was still in Turkish hands. Its capture was necessary to insure us a good approach to the crossings of the Jordan. Accordingly, General Allenby ordered its capture and the Australian Light Horse was assigned the duty.

ONE Australian officer laughingly told us that he was taking a loud horn with him to find out if Joshua really had knocked down the walls that way. He found it a little harder work, however, because the Turks put up a hard battle before they gave up and moved out.

Our part of it was daily bomb raids in support of the Anzacs.

Here it was that we learned of the bitter hatred within the enemy's lines between the Turks and the Germans sent down from their Fatherland to bolster up the Ottoman's strength.

Driven out of Jericho, a Boche counterattack was ordered against the Australian lines. Two strong battalions of German veterans, flanked on either side by Turkish battalions, moved forward to carry out the attack.

The Germans, fighting splendidly and bravely, forced their way through our front line and got as far as our second line. But they suddenly found that their flanks were utterly unprotected. Jealously hating their own allies, the Turks had not moved forward at all, leaving the German unit to our mercy!

Practically the entire German outfit was taken prisoner, and the stories they told of the inside strife between themselves and the Turks were a revelation to us.

Incidentally, we learned here too that the Turks were suffering from graft within their higher commands. Boots, food, ammunition—every kind of supply destined for the front—never reached the Turkish soldiers. Some one was selling them and was keeping the money. Indeed, we learned that a great percentage of the Turkish soldiers hadn't been paid in more than a year, although money was being drawn from the Sultan's exchequer for that purpose. There was one regiment that hadn't been paid in three years!

In this battle occurred an incident that, in my opinion, illustrates the greatest presence of mind that I have

ever heard of. We were told of it the night after the main battle, when we went over to the Australian officers' mess for a drink and information of the next day's operations.

Two of their officers had been sent out to determine just how far away the Turks had dug in after being beaten back from the city.

They were walking forward carelessly chatting when suddenly one looked up and saw about twenty rifles aimed at them from a hastily dug Turkish trench. The hearts of both officers stood still.

They were within fifty yards of the rifles and the only shelter was a little sand hill at least two hundred yards in their rear. To run for it was out of the question. To stand there was no better.

What to do?

The ground was covered with beautiful desert flowers. One of the officers, thinking quickly, stooped over and plucked a bloom at his feet. Pretending not to have seen the enemy, he gayly walked over to his companion and showed him the blossom. The other officer admired it and then stooped to pick one for himself. Together, uttering cries of delight at the bouquet they were picking, they managed little by little to edge closer to that sand hill.

The Turks watched them cautiously, doubtless wondering at this strange performance.

IT took two and a half hours for the two officers to reach the base of the little hill. Then they broke into a frantic run and dashed over its top just as the bullets began to kick up spurts of dust around them. They lay there panting with fright for a good ten minutes, and then made their way back to their lines. Exactly why the Turks didn't fire at them sooner is just one of those many mysteries of warfare.

The next day I received telephonic orders to report to the headquarters of General Borton, commanding our air forces, at Ramleh. I flew over and there found assembled all the other squadron commanders and the brigade staff. I knew it meant something big.

And it was—the biggest thing of the war on that front!

General Borton sat at a long table in one end of the tent in which we met. We all took places before him.

He suddenly spoke to me directly: "Captain Norton!"

"Yes, sir?" I couldn't imagine what it was.

"Exactly how long would it take you to be ready to move your squadron to Damascus and what motor transport would be necessary?"

Damascus? Why, that was about three hundred miles away and in the very heart of the Turkish occupation. It had been our goal ever since the beginning of hostilities! Could I be hearing aright?

I stammered and stuttered. "Why, sir—a—a—about two days to dismantle my hangars and equipment—and I'd need about twelve motor lorries to transport them," I told him.

The general then talked very gravely. "Gentlemen, I am going to take you into my strictest confidence. No one but the general staff and yourselves knows this: General Allenby has determined to capture the entire Turkish army!"

There was a sudden buzz of amazed conversation. General Borton sat back with a smile on his face and allowed it to persist for a moment or two. Then he rapped on the table for silence again.

"The general plan will be this: General Allenby is going to lead the Turks into believing that we are going to attack in force on the right flank in the Jordan Valley. In order to do this we are going to construct imitation camps in that area. One thousand tents are to be erected, also dummy camel hospitals. And, to carry out the effect, General Allenby is detailing a column of motor lorries to run back and forth between Jericho and Jerusalem constantly day and night.

"We hope that this will make the Turks think that we are massing our forces in that area for a general attack. We are going so far as to have thousands of wooden horses—they have already been made in Egypt and are on the way here now—and these wooden horses will be carted here in motor lorries at night. They will be erected in the desert to simulate a concentration of cavalry, and we hope

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will be realistic enough to deceive any enemy airmen who might get over there. And, gentlemen, you shouldn't try too hard to prevent the enemy aircraft from getting a good look at the preparations, even though it might hurt your pride a little bit."

General Borton leaned back for a minute to take a long breath. As for us, the one we took amounted to a gasp.

This was perhaps the most amazing bit of strategy any of us had heard of since they used a wooden horse to capture Troy.

General Borton turned to a large map behind him on the wall. "The real attack is to come from here," said he, pointing to the extreme left flank on the coast, north of Jaffa. "Three divisions of cavalry are to be concentrated in secret on the night before the attack is to take place."

The next month was a busy one for us. While the fake concentration was being set up and the massing of cavalry on the left flank was being carried out, we were hard at it flying over the Turkish lines.

I was told that Colonel Lawrence had been in conference with General Allenby again at Ramleh, and that he had returned to his Arabs across the Jordan.

His part was to harass the Turks so severely that they would be forced to send more troops to that district and thus weaken the sector we wished to be vulnerable.

My squadron received additional orders from headquarters to keep close contact from the air with Lawrence's Bedouins, and to keep headquarters advised, as communication with the Arabs was very difficult.

Having given the Boche aircraft sufficient flying space to spot the fake concentration around Jericho, we suddenly received orders, two weeks before the day of the grand attack, that henceforth not one enemy plane must cross the lines—particularly on the section where the greatest force of cavalry was massing.

DURING our efforts to carry out this order we maintained constant patrol over the Boche airdrome. Arriving before dawn, we would just sit over them and make sure that no black-winged machine could get off the ground.

As soon as a Boche flyer ran his machine out of its hangar, he would be given a morning reception of bombs and machine-gun bullets. To the best of our knowledge, not a single enemy airplane got off the ground during those two weeks.

They told us later that it got so that the enemy airmen refused to get out of bed in the morning, finding it useless to try to fly, laughing at us because they were getting lots of good sleep and we were not getting any.

Meanwhile Colonel Lawrence and his raiders across the Jordan were bothering the Turks there to death, blowing up stations, bridges, trains, and not giving the enemy a minute's rest.

So successful was Lawrence's work that the Turks had to further weaken the vulnerable flank near the sea to send enough reënforcements to keep the Arabs out of their very hair. Lawrence also was gradually working around northward to cut off all bridges across the Jordan.

Then came the day of the big attack.

Dawn was the signal for a heavy artillery bombardment of the entire length of Turkish front line, from the sea to the Jordan. Every airplane we had was dropping explosives on the Turkish positions.

There were only two possible lines of retreat for the Turks. One was a narrow road that ran through high mountain passes from their front-line positions to Nablus. The other was a road from their farther left flank in the Jordan Valley through the mountainous Wadi Farah and also leading to Nablus.

Their general retreat began with the expectation that both strong forces would meet at Nablus and there make a stand.

BUT they did not reckon with the fact that our powerful cavalry, secretly assembled on their weakened right flank, had broken through the degarrisoned positions near the sea and had cut its way by a remarkable forced march up the coast during the preceding night.

The cavalry had managed to reach Jenin, located at the far end of the two converging roads of retreat, thus cutting off any possible escape by the retiring Turks.

With the cavalry waiting for them on the north side of the narrow mountain road, all we had to do was to drive them back into this cul-de-sac.

So complete was the surprise of the cavalry movement that they actually rode into the Turkish and German headquarters at Jenin and caught the officers of the army staff at breakfast in their mess tent. Many were captured there, but some managed to escape in motor cars. But everything they had was abandoned in their flight.

While our cavalry were resting their horses on the edge of the airdrome at Jenin, a German airplane appeared overhead, flying high from the north, dropped down, and landed peacefully.

A natty German pilot climbed out of the cockpit, saw a group of officers standing near the hangar, walked over stiffly, saluted in his best imperial style, and handed a sheaf of dispatches from Constantinople to one of our officers. It wasn't until he turned to go that he discovered the fact that he had landed in the midst of the enemy.

The dispatches proved to be important operations orders from General Ludendorff to the commander in chief of the German troops stationed with the Turks.

By about ten o'clock that morning the Turks began their movement of retreat toward Nablus. We could see

them deserting their trenches on the higher places and coming down on to the fatal road, bringing with them their guns, transports, and all the other equipment of an army on the march.

Soon the narrow road, only wide enough at the most to permit two motor cars to pass, became a mass of congested traffic. The line of retreat was moving slowly at best, and suddenly we saw it come to a stop.

Several of us, laden with bombs, flew to the head of the column to drop our burdens. There, calmly holding up the entire parade, was the field kitchen of a German general, cooking his breakfast while the frightened thousands behind him waited. One good bomb did for the general—his kitchen, his breakfast, and all—and started the panic-stricken soldiers back again in fright.

But it was no use, for our machines were thick over them and each plane carried its capacity load of explosives.

The place by this time had become a shambles. Drivers were deserting their lorries in mid-road to run to escape our bombs in the hills. Other lorries and officers' staff motor cars were falling into ravines as we dropped bombs directly in their path.

So closely massed were our targets that a projectile simply couldn't miss. It was a ghastly job!

But all that day and the following day we loaded up, cruised over them without opposition, dropped our bombs, emptied several hundred rounds of machine-gun bullets, returned to the airdrome, loaded up again—and so it kept on, with the poor Turks taking an inhuman beating.

More frightful than our work, however, was that of the thousands of lurking Bedouins hidden in the hills. Each night, after we had created bedlam with our death-dealing journeys, the fierce tribesmen would steal down under cover of the dark, almost invisible in their jet-black cloaks, and would scupper any of the Turks and Germans that we had missed. The Bedouins became fairly drunk with loot and stripped the bodies of dead and dying soldiers of everything they had—in many cases even their clothing and the boots from their feet.

And then they would vanish as quickly into the hills to await the next night.

There were no prisoners taken here. Those fortunate enough to escape our bombing were either accounted for by the Bedouins, or else, if they did manage to escape over the mountains or farther along the road, they ran directly into the arms of our cavalry at Jenin and Beisan.

When we saw from the air that the Turks had been completely annihilated, we left our machines at the airdrome and motored out to see the sad sight.

We drove as far as possible on the bomb-cratered road and then took foot. It was an indescribable sight. Dead men everywhere. Horses, motor cars, equipment—all blown to bits. Bodies, bloated in the sun, looked as if some ghastly caricaturist had been at work. The stench was awful.

It might have been hell on earth. And we felt pretty bad about it. I was sick at the stomach.

But it was war, and if it hadn't been they it might have been we!

THE END

Answer to the Sliding Letters Puzzle on Page 28

INAdequate
fINAnciers
chINAberry
nomINAtors
coordINAte
unorigINAl
concertINA

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 41

1—*E Pluribus Unum*, meaning one composed of many.
2—Louis XIV.
3—Its Spanish conquerors called it so from an imaginary island described in a Spanish romance of the fifteenth century.
4—Arizona and New Mexico in 1912.
5—In Antrim, Ireland.
6—A character in Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
7—At Springfield, Illinois.
8—Samuel Francis Smith.
9—A mercury-vapor electric lamp.
10—Naples.
11—The Persians.
12—In southeastern California and part of Nevada.
13—Emily Faithfull, an English philanthropist.
14—Asa Yoelson.
15—George Eliot.
16—The body of the crime; a legal term.
17—A type of eyeglass held in place by a spring pinching the bridge of the nose.
18—In 1066.
19—Writer, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, publisher, and Ambassador to Great Britain during the World War.
20—Thomas Paine.

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TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

HERE'S another woman—Mrs. Gifford Pinchot—who was born, brought up, and married in political *sassiety*. Her father was a United States envoy to Holland. Her husband is Governor of Pennsylvania. She herself orates and agitates for various causes, notably labor and child welfare. Unless she is on the speakers' platform, at political meetings she knits.

"To keep awake," she told me.

Red-haired, vigorous, she eats her breakfast every morning at seven thirty. On her busy days she gets up and goes to work at dawn. Riding in her limousine she habitually reads poetry—the modern poets by preference. For mental exercise she memorizes poems.

As a girl she often visited the Theodore Roosevelts. Teddy encouraged her interest in politics. He used to invite her to sit and talk politics with the men after dinner.

She didn't care much for Holland when her father was envoy there. So when she returned to him, from trips away, she would go back via Egypt, Constantinople, or some other distant clime. She saw a good deal of the world on her return journeys to Holland!

Mrs. Pinchot is one of the most active women in American affairs. Her big fights have been against child labor, against sweatshops, and for unionizing all the coal miners and steel workers.

EUGENIE giggled, Napoleon blushed—and a small boy was to blame!

Strange to relate, I heard this unpublished chapter of French history at a Chinese banquet in Brooklyn. The gentleman who sat next to me had been a child in England when Napoleon III and Eugénie were exiled there.

Walking one day in the beautiful park around their English mansion, the emperor and empress found a small golden-haired boy playing there in charge of his dour and decidedly unbeautiful Scotch nurse.

The emperor picked up the infant and gave him a kiss.

"Kiss nursey too," piped the little boy, and the emperor dropped him like a hot potato.

Was Napoleon's face red? The poor nurse blanched with terror. The lovely Eugénie giggled.

Now get the sequel. The little boy grew up to be the very gentleman who sat there telling me the story in that Chinese restaurant. And, what's more, he married a Spanish countess who resembles Eugénie to a surprising degree. I know, for she was there too, sitting just across the table.

Harris & Ewing photo
Mrs. Gifford Pinchot

LISTEN for these new dance tunes. Meyer Davis tells me they promise to be the hits of the season:

Keep Young and Beautiful, by Harry Warren, from Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandals. Snow Flakes, by Bernie Dolan. Love Locked Out, by Ray Noble.

AN odd question comes to me in a letter. A young lady wants to know if I think it is *nice* to accept a dress as a present from the young man to whom she is engaged. The young lady who wrote me the letter doesn't think it *is* nice. She thinks it isn't quite respectable. To accept lingerie would be all right, she believes, but not a dress. Men give dresses to their mistresses, she suggests—not to the good girls they intend to marry.

Now I'll say what I think. I think the young lady may become a prude if she doesn't watch out. I think *respectability* should never be allowed to interfere with kindness or thoughtfulness. And I think that the spirit of any gift is worth more than the merchandise.

If a young man gives his fiancée a pretty dress to make her happy, who am I to say he ought to give her something else? He's trying to please her. Isn't that enough?

PLAIN violet perfume is back in vogue. I, for one, am ever so glad to be using it again. I find it refreshing after all the exotic scents that have dominated fashion in recent years.

Several of the smartest women in Paris have now returned, I hear, to the plain violet scents for daytime use.

There are three standard kinds of violet perfume. Plain violet is one. White violet, another, is more delicate. Parma violet, the third, has a strange aroma of its own. It is said to be slightly reminiscent of Russia leather.

Old-fashioned lilac is coming back also, which permits me to hope that we will one of these days revive the forgotten *Ess Bouquet* — that "nicest smell" of my youth. As a child of ten, it seemed to me the very quintessence of perfume delight.

EVERYWOMAN, by Gilbert Frankau, is one of the best new novels I have read. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

PEOPLE who live in northern countries invent the greatest variety of winter dishes. The Estonians invented this one, which combines red cabbage, pork chops, and chestnuts. For a beer supper it is really *yum-yum*.

Slice your red cabbage. Cook 1½ hours in very little water with 1 chopped apple and 1 tablespoon butter. Add 20 chestnuts, boiled and peeled. Salt, pepper. Continue cooking ½ hour.

Have your pork chops nicely trimmed. Dip in beaten egg and fry rapidly in hot butter, 2 minutes for each side. Then take out and broil slowly on grill for 10 or 12 minutes. Drain fat from frying pan. In it brown 1 tablespoon flour, adding salt, pepper, water, lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Serve chops on hot platter surrounded by cabbage and chestnuts. Serve gravy in boat.

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

What is the Modern Idea?

A Famous Architect Looks Into the Future

By FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

A REALLY great and splendid revolution is sweeping through this country. It is a bloodless revolution, but before it is over it will see the death of the city and all that the city stands for as a dwelling place.

Idleness and privation have given the American people a lot of time for thought and a lot to think about—but they started thinking about these things long before the depression. They started thinking about them when the word "modern" came into common use.

There is probably no word in the English language today more misused, more misunderstood. To the average mind it suggests the extreme in everything. Extreme artificiality. Extreme efficiency. The result of straining men's minds and men's bodies to produce something new, something different.

Actually, the modern idea is a definite turning away from the artificial, from the extreme, from the synthetic and back to the simple, the wholesome, the natural. And in no way is this more clearly reflected than in the present style of interior decoration and modern architecture with their severely simple lines, their total absence of gingerbread trimmings, their natural grace and their reaching out for sun and air.

The ever-increasing migration of city people out into the country and suburbs where there is no false premium on fresh air, sunshine, green grass, trees, and all the wholesome natural simplicity that they stand for is another symptom of the modern idea. So is the popularity of roof gardens and penthouse apartments.

Modern life is beginning to see, in the far-reaching motor highways, a horizontal line leading to freedom for human life here on earth. By means of this simple release through the machine power that made the automobile you are going to see the death of the city.

It is no longer modern to build or to consent to live in any prettified cavern or take pleasure or pride in any glorified cave, however grand. All that is old.

Freedom is the keynote of the modern idea. And soon every man will have the facility to roam the ground or sky with a perfect freedom of vision that will relate him to the ground and all that the ground should mean to human life.

The modern gifts of glass, of stressed steel, of electromagnetic sciences began a new era. All are the simple, natural agents of a new freedom for mankind. They are at work. No power can turn them aside now.

Whole walls through which the sun and light may pass can now be easily made of glass. It is replacing cumbersome and costly metals in the manufacture of countless articles.

In many instances, as an aid to beauty, glass has no equal.

Another of man's supermaterials—steel—is another direct means to this same liberation. Still others are the new textiles which, as shimmering robes, clothe the interior spaciousness within the shells of glass and metals that are replacing the offending hulks of masonry in which we have been living.

Working with these supermaterials for twentieth-century freedom are mobilization, teletransmission, widespread publicity, and the power of the machine.

So the modern building, an enemy to the city, is fast rising—true sun acceptance; a shaft of light flashing in the sun; still a true defense against time and the elements; no less a true shield for privacy.

All of this beauty of modern architecture is going into the country, its true and perfect setting. And when emancipated from the metropolis, then let the new buildings lie long and lie low, flowing lazily on the mesa or upon the ledges of the hillsides—streaks of light enmeshed in metal strands, as music is made of notes.

Great art as interpreter of twentieth-century life is not yet dead. But the only interpreter to show America the way now is what we may call great architecture when we understand the meaning of the term. We have great artists living today who are capable of giving to the world the utmost in beauty, but before we can appreciate their gifts we must first know the beauty that is simplicity. And the truth that is freedom.

The ancient man power that built the least and the greatest of decadent and dead civilizations still lives. That same ancient man power, multiplied infinitely now, may build for us a civilization that will live forever because the drive comes from our interior ideal of an interior life, externalized as the great architecture of a great life. That is the thought which we call the modern idea.

To preserve, amplify, and make use of the gifts of our own time, no matter what the effort, is the business of this new life of freedom—and is the modern idea.

All that has made our cities a landlord's triumph—is not the modern idea. The impoverishment of our agrarian areas—is not the modern idea.

The turning of splendid American youth into "white-collar" men by sending them into already crowded cities in search of soft jobs where at least one hand may be kept in the pocket—is not the modern idea.

The periodic weakening of our economic system is because the modern idea is ignored or misunderstood.

THE modern idea does not permit the city to exist as a conspiracy to destroy man freedom. Nor does it propose to let American architecture remain the bad form of surface decoration that it is—offering the same old Columbian Fair of 1893, with its face lifted, as "progress" in 1933.

The modern idea refuses to make man himself a form of property, resents any attempt to standardize him as a piece of property, or power to "break" him.

The modern idea does not allow the universities to deprive the American youth of such correlation as he has to turn his head into an empty tool box.

The modern idea sees the banker as no more than a snubbing post, banking on yesterday, betraying tomorrow.

The modern idea today is Freedom with a large F. Only today is modern—with its enlarged and increasing machine power working for man freedom.

The ideal of the dignity and worth of the individual as an individual is modern.

In other words, a sense of the *within* unfolding by interior content to genuine outward self-expression—that is the gist of the modern idea.

Life is learning to see itself as free.

THE END

Transient Lady

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and a Girl's Devotion

He leaned forward tensely and seiz

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake come to Karnak, a Southern city, to open a roller-skating rink. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer of a distinguished family, is attracted by Dale, the professional skater.

Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, makes unpleasant advances to Dale. One night at the rink he has an altercation with Kiley and Blake. He returns later with his gang to "get" Kiley, who fires into the mob and kills Fred Baxter. Kiley flees and Chris Blake, who was not there when the shot was fired, is arrested, charged with the murder and lodged in Karnak jail.

Dale Cameron gets Carey Marshal to defend Chris. Hamp Baxter, raging, threatens trouble. Lee Crawford, head of a family long at feud with but now friendly to the Baxters, goes to Hamp to remonstrate with him, and gets a beating. The old feud is revived.

Trouble begins at the annual picnic of Karnak a few days later. Coming home from the picnic, shots are fired and three Baxters are killed and as many Crawfords. Major Marshal calls on the governor to send the militia. Hamp Baxter gathers his clan and fanatically urges the men to lynch Chris Blake and drive Dale Cameron out of town. But Lee Crawford has also gathered his family supporters, determined that the Baxters shall not carry out their purpose. The Crawfords take possession of the jail, constituting themselves guardians of Chris Blake, for whom they have little actual sympathy.

The Baxters gather to attack. Just as a bloody conflict seems inevitable, the militia from Beverly County march into Court House Square and the commander orders Hamp Baxter to disperse his mob.

PART EIGHT—THE STATE VS. CHRISTOPHER BLAKE

ALREADY the Baxters were slouching off down Court Street. The guardsmen stood rigidly, waiting tensely for orders.

"Your—your father had them sent here?" Dale asked Carey.

"Yes."

"Will they stay?"

Carey nodded gravely. "They'll stay until after Chris's trial," he said.

Dale was fighting bravely against hysteria.

"Till after the trial," she said. "Then they'll lynch Chris legally."

To Dale Cameron, the appearance of soldiers in Karnak

By OCTAVU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

hand with a crushing grip.

meant only one thing: a postponement of the inevitable. She believed that Chris had been granted a reprieve; not a pardon; though she was deeply grateful for even this brief respite.

Mr. Wade Hampton Baxter was annoyed. For the first time in a decade he had been deposed as the dominating force in Karnak County and at the moment when he was most desirous of retaining control.

Mr. Baxter, by reason of long service in the state Senate, wielded considerable power outside Karnak, but a direct personal talk with the governor via long-distance telephone failed signally to bring him any satisfaction. The governor—being a good politician—was cordial enough; but—being also a man of honor—was unyielding.

OY COHEN

He explained suavely that he was doing Senator Baxter a great personal favor by permitting the National Guardsmen to remain on duty until after the impending trial. "It's only four or five more days, senator."

"It's interference which we didn't ask for and don't want," replied Hamp.

"Well, now—" the governor laughed lightly at his end of the wire. "I appreciate your desire to save me from political embarrassment, senator; but just the same I shall have to ask Captain Hall to remain on duty."

Hamp said, "Is he going to interfere with the trial?"

"Certainly not, senator. His orders are to keep peace in the community when and if it becomes apparent that the legally constituted authorities are unable to do so."

MR. BAXTER then went into conference with several friends who happened also to be relatives. He talked about juries and jury boxes, and there he encountered a certain definite opposition.

Members of the Crawford family held county offices which also had much to do with the names of those who were drawn for jury service, and it appeared that word had been passed that for every Baxter on the Chris Blake jury, there was to be at least one Crawford. Mr. Baxter thereupon telephoned Carey Marshal, and Carey expressed a willingness to visit Hamp's office.

The young man entered that office feeling nervous, but not betraying the fact. He smiled slightly, ignored Hamp's hand, refused a chair, and said, "What is it, senator?"

Baxter was unctuously politic. "Chris Blake will go on trial in three or four days, Carey."

"Yes."

"I intend to convict him."

Carey nodded noncommittally. Hamp leaned across his desk and tried to make his smile seem friendly.

"You're a nice young feller. What's the use of butting your head against a brick wall?"

"Perhaps I enjoy it."

"You're young. You're just getting under way in Karnak. There ain't any use setting half the county against you." Suddenly Hamp's voice rose, though not in anger. "Don't misunderstand this, Carey. I ain't aiming to step on your toes. But why the hell should you fling away your birthright in behalf of a murderer and a transient lady?"

Carey's body stiffened and his lips pressed more firmly together. He spoke coldly: "That, senator, is my business."

"But, Carey—"

"I'll be much obliged if you'll keep all personalities out

"Will it make much difference, Carey—for Chris?" Miss Mathilda asked gently.

of this, senator. And so there'll be no mistaking my position, I am defending Chris Blake and shall continue to do so until every legal means has been exhausted. Is that clear?"

"Yes—and foolish." Hamp stood silent for a moment, then once again attempted to smile. "Can I talk to you man to man about this case?"

"Certainly," Carey Marshal said.

"Good. There ain't any use of us mincing words, so here goes. Until this trouble broke out I controlled the juries in Karnak. And I'm not telling you anything you don't know. Well, the Crawfords have got offices which make that kind of difficult. They're fixing to stuff the jury box too, and that, Carey, ain't either legal or nice. Am I right?"

"Obviously."

"Now, then. How about me and you making an agreement? Suppose we agree that there won't be a single Baxter relative, nor neither a single Crawford one, on the Blake jury. How would that strike you?"

CAREY reflected. "Rather brazen, isn't it, senator—this admission of the way you've handled things?"

"Sure, Carey—but what the hell! Everybody knows it. And the reason I'm not trying to put something over on you is this: If there's any Baxter or Verner or Goring on that jury, you ain't got a chance of acquitting Blake. If there's a single Crawford, I ain't got a chance of convicting him. Well, you want him acquitted and I want him hung. Neither of us wants a mistrial."

Carey's eyes were level and cold. "You apologized in advance for a personal remark a moment ago, senator. Now may I make one?"

"Go ahead."

"Are you going to play fair?"

Hamp's face flushed, but he managed to control himself. "I'm playing fair. And to prove it, me and you will put the names in the jury box ourselves. Yes, and by God, you can draw 'em out! Is that reasonable enough?"

"It is." Carey laughed harshly. "I never quite realized how high-handed you could be, Hamp."

"It's all set, then?"

"Yes. It's set. Under those conditions."

Carey bowed stiffly and left the office.

Hamp flung open the door to the next office. Crosby Goring, solicitor for the Ninth Judicial Circuit, stumbled into the room.

"You heard?" inquired Hamp.

"Yes, sure I heard. But you ain't going to do it thataway, are you, Hamp?"

MR. BAXTER'S face reflected superb disgust. "Don't be more of a damned fool than you can help, Crosby. Of course I'm going to do it. I don't want a hung jury. I want a conviction."

"But if you haven't got any relatives on it—"

"The Crawfords won't have either, will they?" Hamp smiled broadly, with genuine good humor. "I knew the kid would fall for it, Crosby. He's forgotten—just like you have—what I can do with a fair jury in this county. I can shout at 'em. I can scare 'em. I can sweep 'em off their feet. And when I say I want a conviction—I'll get a conviction!"

Mr. Goring gulped and nodded. "You're mighty smart, Hamp."

"I'm smart enough." Mr. Baxter felt exceedingly well pleased with himself. "I can swing any jury in this county which ain't got Crawfords on it. That means Blake will hang." . . .

Karnak was duly impressed by the militiamen. The soldiers were regarded as a sort of Greek chorus—explaining to the citizens the seriousness of the situation.

Merchants with places of business on the square breathed more easily and opened their doors to a flood of shoppers. There was something grim and warlike about the square now. This was no simple political feud, to be battled out within the confines of the county; it was a thing of statewide importance. The larger cities sent reporters to explain the situation to their readers. Newsreel photographers appeared. Overnight Karnak had become a metropolis. The local weekly newspaper even carried a few pointed—but diplomatic items. On page 1:

Karnak is host to a company of National Guardsmen from Beverly County. We are pleased to greet these fine young men and wish them a happy stay.

On page 3:

Considerable interest is being evinced on account of the trial of Mr. Chris Blake, which occurs next week. Many people from all parts of the county plan to attend. Mr. Blake is being accused of murder.

Another item on page 3:

Mr. Joseph P. Melton of the capital is enjoying a brief stay in Karnak. He takes pictures for a movie company of events of the day. The Karnak Chamber of Commerce has invited

him to take pictures of our beautiful city, which they feel will be of help in advertising us. We hope some day that these pictures Mr. Melton is taking will be exhibited soon in our own palatial theater, the Hollywood. A good attendance is assured, as lots of our citizens have never had a chance to see themselves in the movies before.

And in the brief classified advertisement section:

FOR RENT: Large warehouse on Railroad Avenue. Fine new floor. Plenty of space. Apply Murray's Cotton Gin.

Sitting by the window of his office in the McDonald Block, Carey Marshal read these items and smiled.

The young man was more concerned than he cared to admit. He realized that he was fighting against almost hopeless odds, but that knowledge had caused him to redouble his efforts. He knew that he was defending an innocent man. And he was exalted by the prospect of having Dale Cameron at his side. Her testimony—even the admissibility of which was doubtful—formed the major part of his own case.

The telephone rang. Miss Mathilda Branham was on the wire. She seemed worried, and insisted that he come to Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe immediately. She had news for him, she said, and it concerned Dale Cameron.

Miss Mathilda met him at the front door.

"Carey," she asked breathlessly, "where is Dale?"

He frowned and shook his head. "I don't know. Why do you ask me?"

"Have you seen her this afternoon?"

"No."

"You're quite sure you haven't?"

Carey grasped her arm. "You're talking in riddles, Miss Mathilda. What's wrong?"

"I can't blame her," said Miss Mathilda in a flat voice. "It was too much for any girl to stand."

"What was?" asked Carey sharply. "What has happened? Where is Dale?"

"She's gone. Left town!"

"Gone? That's impossible!"

"It's true, though, Carey. The station agent told me he saw her leave on the twelve-forty. I didn't believe it until I went home and looked. Her suitcase has gone too. Naturally, I thought perhaps you had sent her away."

Miss Mathilda stopped talking. She was looking into the face of a man grown suddenly older.

"WILL it make much difference, Carey—for Chris?" Miss Mathilda asked gently.

For a minute he did not answer. Then he said tonelessly, "So she went, did she? Left Karnak without a word?"

"Now, Carey!" Miss Mathilda tried to be stern. "You mustn't talk that way."

"Why not?" Carey gave a short bitter laugh. "Well, I'll learn—some day."

He turned away from her and stared blankly through the window. Miss Mathilda tried to take his hand, but he pulled away. And then he laughed again—but without merriment—and he said something with terrible seriousness, something which Miss Mathilda didn't understand.

"'Transient lady!'" quoted Carey bitterly. "Well—maybe Hamp Baxter was right."

FOR a few brief and glorious hours Mr. Macklin Doob, the station agent, was the center of interest in Karnak. He told and retold the story of Dale Cameron's departure, elaborating his tale with each telling, shrouding it with greater mystery—until by noon of the next day it was apparent—or almost apparent—that Dale had hidden in the baggage room, glancing up and down the track; that she had waited until the train was almost ready to depart, and that she had then dashed madly for the steps of the very last car as though in terror of being restrained by force.

Of course there were some few conservative citizens who remembered that Mr. Doob's original story had been less highly flavored.

The ladies of Karnak, usually bereft of worth-while conversational subjects, found themselves overwhelmed by the plenitude of gossip at hand.

Carey himself was working. Working hard. He tried to appear unaffected by Dale's disappearance, but the town knew better. His face was too expressive.

Each night Carey drove to his home in Pineville bearing stacks of law books which he studied intently. He held lengthy conferences with his father, and only once did the major touch on the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both.

"Will Miss Cameron's disappearance hurt your case much, son?"

"Certainly. Though I didn't have much case anyway. You see, dad—she could have testified that at least part of Chris's story was true—that he did actually start toward the swamp, which is where he said he went."

"Not very valuable testimony," observed the old man. "What else are you planning?"

"I'm not really making plans, dad. I know, and you know, that all of the Baxter witnesses are lying. My chief hope is to trap them on cross-examination."

The major nodded. "It's a good thing to understand what you're up against, son. Fine tactics, you know, never to underestimate the strength of the enemy."

"I'm not doing that," replied Carey grimly. "And now I want your help, dad, on a point of evidence. Here it is."

He pulled his chair close to that of his father. In the next room Clematis permitted herself to breathe more freely and commenced to chide her diminutive husband.

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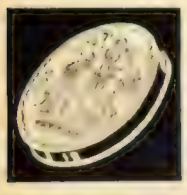

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THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR
FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

"Always tryin' to listen at doors, ain't you, Vishy?"

"Who is?"

"You is."

"Well, wasn't you?"

"Nossuh!" Clematis waxed indignant. "I sho wasn't."

Vishy struck an attitude. "Deceitments what you say with yo' mouf. You was so listenin'."

"I was not." Then Clematis felt it incumbent upon her to explain. "I coul'n't hear one single solitary word they was sayin'."

"Hmmph!" Vishy opened his lips to argue, decided that discretion might—under the circumstances—be much the better part of valor, and so introduced another topic. "Marse Carey, he sho seems perturberated sence Miss Cam'ron exodusted."

"He does, sho nuff, Vishy. Reckon this trial must of been independent 'pon her."

"Yeh—an' mo' than that, too. Marse Carey, he wasn't dismindful that she was a mighty pretty lady."

"Foolishment! Ain't nobody in the world fo' him 'ceptin' Miss Pat."

"Tha's what you think, Clematis. But me—I got a diff'ent viewpoint."

"You an' yo' viewpoints. Always talkin' 'bout things you don't even understand. Fust thing you know, you'll be sayin' you know women."

"Well, I do."

Clematis's countenance became severe. "Which women?"

"Oh"—airily—"no special ones. Just women, tha's all."

"Listen at me, Vishy. Is you aimin' to incinerate that you has been runnin' aroun' again?"

"Aw, honey, I di'n't mean nothin' like that. Now don't you go gittin' peeved at me. I never—"

Vishy whirled as the front door opened. He bowed and grinned broadly. "Evenin', Miss Pat, evenin'."

"'Lo, Vishy. Where's Mr. Carey?"

"In yonder, Miss Pat. Holdin' a consultment with his paw."

CLEMATIS and Vishy ambled toward the kitchen as Pat opened the library door. They heard the girl's cheery greetings, her light banter, and they did not entirely close the kitchen door until after they had seen Pat Warren and Carey Marshal walk arm in arm through the great reception hall and thence on to the veranda which spanned the front of the old Colonial home.

Pat seated herself on a porch table, one foot on the floor, one shapely silk-clad leg swinging casually. She lighted a cigarette, puffed deeply, and gravely regarded the tall lean young man who had slumped into a porch rocker. She spoke quietly:

"Right on the jaw, wasn't it, Carey?"

He looked up, startled.

"What?"

"Dale's departure."

The man chose his words carefully. "Naturally I was surprised."

"Of course you were." She held a fresh match to her cigarette, though it was still lighted. "Hurt your case much?"

"Shoots it all to hell."

"Bad as that—really?"

"Oh, perhaps not. I suppose I never had a chance anyway."

"But you're going through with it."

"Of course. Got to." He shook his head. "Poor kid—meaning Chris. He's caught down there. Nothing *he* can do about it. So I have to help."

"Attaboy! I knew you would, of course. But it seemed as though you might be losing a bit of pep."

"Me?" He laughed shortly. "Don't be silly. Of course I'm not."

"Don't let it whip you down, Carey," Pat said abruptly. "Dale's a good kid."

"Dale? Yes"—he spoke carefully—"she's all right."

"SHE'S better than that. She was in a mighty tough spot. If I'd been in her place I'd have gotten out long ago."

"Not you, Pat."

"Oh, yes, I would—with a mob threatening me! You can't blame her, Carey, really you can't."

He smiled wryly. "You're pretty loyal," he commented.

"Why not? I was crazy about Dale. And still am."

He shrugged. "What's the use of discussing her? She's gone."

Pat shook her head. "No, she hasn't."

The effect on Carey was electric. He leaned forward tensely and seized Pat's hand with a crushing grip. His voice was harsh: "What do you mean?"

"Hey! Whoa! Ease up, big boy! You didn't let me finish. What I was going to say was that she hasn't really gone when we can remember her as vividly as we do."

"Oh!" Carey sank back in his chair. Pat looked down at him and her eyes were wide and tender.

"Hurts, don't it, Carey?"

"What?"

"This Dale business."

"Well, of course, when a client walks out—"

"Be honest with yourself, Carey."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Shall I explain?"

"Yes— No! Perhaps you'd better not. It's a silly conversation, anyway."

"But it's not silly, dear." She gazed off through the trees, then back at him. "Are you acting, Carey—or is it possible that you don't know you're in love with Dale Cameron?"

She saw his jaw harden and his fingers tighten about the bowl of his unlighted pipe.

"You talk like an idiot," he said.

"I'm telling you the truth, Carey—and you know it. You're in love with Dale, and have been from the first—or almost. Certainly ever since the day she appealed to you for help. And what I'm trying to make you understand is that I think it's fine."

"But, Pat—I'm not in love with her. I'm not!"

"Say it again," she advised gently. "See if you can make yourself believe it."

He was silent then for a long time. And finally he spoke, his voice little above a whisper:

"I suppose I am, Pat. But I was afraid to admit it—even to myself."

She rose and took him by the shoulders. And he stood, too, and faced her. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes unnaturally bright. She forced her voice to come lightly.

"Now you've got *that* off your chest, Mr. Carey Marshal, and I'm glad you have. It'll make you feel better."

"How—when she's gone?"

"She won't always be gone, Carey. You'll find her some day, and bring her back. And when you do, I'll say, 'Bless you, my children,' and will consider you a very fortunate young man."

She walked to the steps leading down to the driveway, and when he would have accompanied her, she motioned him away.

"Rather foot it alone," she said. "Good for what ails me. And as for you—quit worrying. You're young yet, me lad, and the future looks pretty fair, all things considered."

He caught her hands tightly.

"You're elegant, Pat Warren!"

"Just a Gal Scout, doing her good deed for the day. *Au 'voir*, Monsieur Marshal. Pleasant dreams."

She waved and was gone. She walked through the moonlight and through the shadows of the great oaks. She walked with a fine free stride, bravely and firmly.

But once, just as she passed from view, she stumbled, and it wasn't unnatural that she did, because one does not see very clearly when one's eyes are filled with tears.

BEFORE nine o'clock Monday morning Court House Square was closed to traffic. The day was sweltering; the sky an inverted bowl of burnished bronze. Women walked the streets timidly, waving palm-leaf fans. The masculine portion of the community was hatless and coatless. Yet for once Karnak did not discuss the weather with that passion so peculiar to rural communities.

Today there were other things to think about. Today the life of a young man—a very young man—was being placed in jeopardy. The State versus Christopher Blake: Murder. Today khaki-clad young men with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets patrolled the square. They were earnest and capable young men, impressed anew with their own importance. Captain Hall took up his position on the Court House steps and kept a watchful eye on his guardsmen.

Today in Karnak a great issue was to be joined; a court-room battle which was more than a trial. It was something deep and bitter and personal. Wade Hampton Baxter was acting as special prosecutor, sworn to convict the man who was facing trial.

Today two great families were gathering: Baxters swaggered and fondled shotguns in their arms. Crawfords swaggered and invited hostilities. Those who had migrated to Karnak for the day were fearful but fascinated by the potentialities of stark drama.

Shortly after dawn the influx had started. Men, women, and children. From the most remote corners of the county. They came by automobile and by truck; on horseback and muleback; they came in wagons and carriages and buckboards. They walked.

The venerable oaks which bestowed blessed shade upon the square looked down on a scene which more resembled picnic than tragedy. Enterprising persons of assorted sexes and colors had flung up temporary eating booths at which persons seeking gastronomic exercise might purchase crisp barbecue, freshly sliced.

OF course Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe was a focal point of interest—even for those rural gentlemen and ladies who were frightened away by the cleanly magnificence of the interior. There, strangers were informed, was the place where Dale Cameron had worked: the same Dale Cameron whose charms had precipitated all the trouble.

Admission to the court room—on the second floor—could be obtained only by special pass, and these passes had long since been exhausted. Already the court room was crowded to suffocation, and a squad of eight soldiers under the personal command of Captain Hall were on duty, though not—at this moment—at attention. In the office of the clerk of court, adjoining the court room, were more than forty gentlemen, ranging in stature from five to more than six feet, and in physique from emaciation to portliness. It was from this group that a jury was to be chosen, and the prospective jurors were torn between an inordinate pride in their own importance and a fear which shone through sunburned eyes. The physical presence of soldiers did bolster their morale.

Carey Marshal held a final conference with his father at their offices in the McDonald Block.

"Everything ready, son?"

"I believe so, dad."

"Feeling all right?"

"Surely. Why not?"

"Oh, nothing. I was afraid you might have let Miss Cameron's disappearance bother you."

Carey met his father's eyes steadily. "It does bother me, dad. Plenty. She was my one worth-while witness. But whether she's walked out or not, I'm still going to do my best for Chris."

The major smiled. "Of course, son. And, if I may get personal, don't think too much about Dale."

"I'll try."

The major said wistfully, "I'd like mighty well to sit in with you, son."

"I wish you could. But the doctor

He'll probably come home with two packs—one plain, for himself. The other cork-tipped to please her (and save her lips). Either way—15c. Save 50 coupons packed with Raleighs, get an initialed deck of gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards—FREE. 85 bring a bridge set of two decks. (Other premiums, too. Offer good only in U. S. A.)

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says no. You've run too much excitement as it is."

"That's just it." The major sighed. "I've read of old discarded war horses smelling the smoke of battle, but this is the first time—"

"Snap out of it, dad. I know just what you feel and what you'd like to do. It's a pity—for Chris's sake—that your heart isn't stronger."

"Have it your way, Carey." The older man rose and placed his arm about his son's shoulders. "You're carrying a man-sized load, son. I'll give you just one piece of advice: Don't lose control of yourself. Hamp Baxter is a master of court-room strategy. He'll try to make you angry. Good luck, son."

Carey's eyes softened. "You're a pretty damned good guy, Chris Blake," he said.

"Thanks, dad." They faced each other then, father and son. Tall, broad-shouldered, clean-cut. And because they were men and gentlemen, they smiled and clasped hands. Then Carey turned and went through the door.

He crossed the square alone, and people pointed at him and whispered. Once he fancied he caught Dale Cameron's name, and he hoped that his cheeks did not flush. Somehow he could not forget her, even in this moment of strain. He walked into the basement of the grand old building, nodded curtly to Sheriff Angel Verner, and insisted on consulting with his client. And then, because it behooved him to be bright and cheerful and optimistic, he smiled through the bars at Chris Blake.

"All set, Chris?"

"Yes, Mr. Marshal." Chris's boyish face was gray and his eyes were twin wells of despair. "Mighty hefty crowd out yonder."

"Pretty large. Big show for a town like this."

Chris tried to conceal his fear. "Soldiers still here?"

"They certainly are, Chris. Everything is going to be run according to Hoyle. Now, just one word of advice before the trial starts, Chris. Don't let things get your goat."

"What kind of things?"

"Any kind. Hamp Baxter particularly. He's a vicious person and an impressive orator. He'll say unpleasant things about you—and before he finishes he'll say some nasty things about Dale. He'll make insinuations—or flat statements—against her character. He'll paint her in the rottenest colors." Carey smiled thinly. "We mustn't let that get under our skins, Chris."

CHRIS nodded. "I understand, Mr. Marshal. And I'm awful glad she ain't here herself."

"You may be—but I'm not."

"Aw, you don't really mean that. You wouldn't want her to get up yonder with all these yokels pointing and saying rotten things."

"She was our only real witness, Chris. By running away, she put you in a much tougher spot."

"Well, what if she did? I'm the goat, ain't I? And if I can take it—"

Carey's eyes softened. "You're a pretty damned good guy, Chris Blake," he said. Then he turned and was gone.

The heat was becoming more intense and faces were already streaked with perspiration. At the door of the court room Carey encountered Hamp Baxter.

Hamp wore his usual—and impressive — court-room attire: black Prince Albert coat, flowing black tie, white shirt, and gray trousers. His overlong black hair was brushed carefully back from his forehead so that the broad silver streak showed to best advantage.

HE blocked Carey's path, and the two men stood eye to eye. And it was only standing so that Carey seemed taller than Hamp. Hamp was larger and broader and heavier. More powerful. His fine features were fixed in a cold smile. His voice was deceptively soft and gentle as he faced his antagonist.

"Morning, Carey."

"Good morning, senator."

"Hot, isn't it?"

"Very." Carey believed that his face was impassive. He made a polite gesture. "If you'll excuse me, senator—"

"Certainly." Hamp stood back, bowed gracefully, and permitted Carey to pass into the court room. Then he whispered to Crosby Goring who stood beside him, "The kid's nervous, Crosby. He's got a good right to be."

Hamp followed Carey into the court room.

The door connecting court room with judge's chambers stood open so that His Honor might get a faint stirring of breeze before donning his robes. The crowd on the right side of the room could see him now: Judge Wallace Mangin of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, assigned to the case because there was, at present, no judge in the Ninth Circuit.

Judge Mangin was a smallish man with graying hair and mustache. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles and smoked cheroots. He was known to be fearless and honest. Judge Mangin saw Carey Marshal at the long oak table near the prisoner's dock. He saw Hamp Baxter enter the court room. He beckoned them to him.

"Ready?" he asked.

They nodded. Judge Mangin sighed, rose, and reached for his long black judicial robes. He signaled the bailiff.

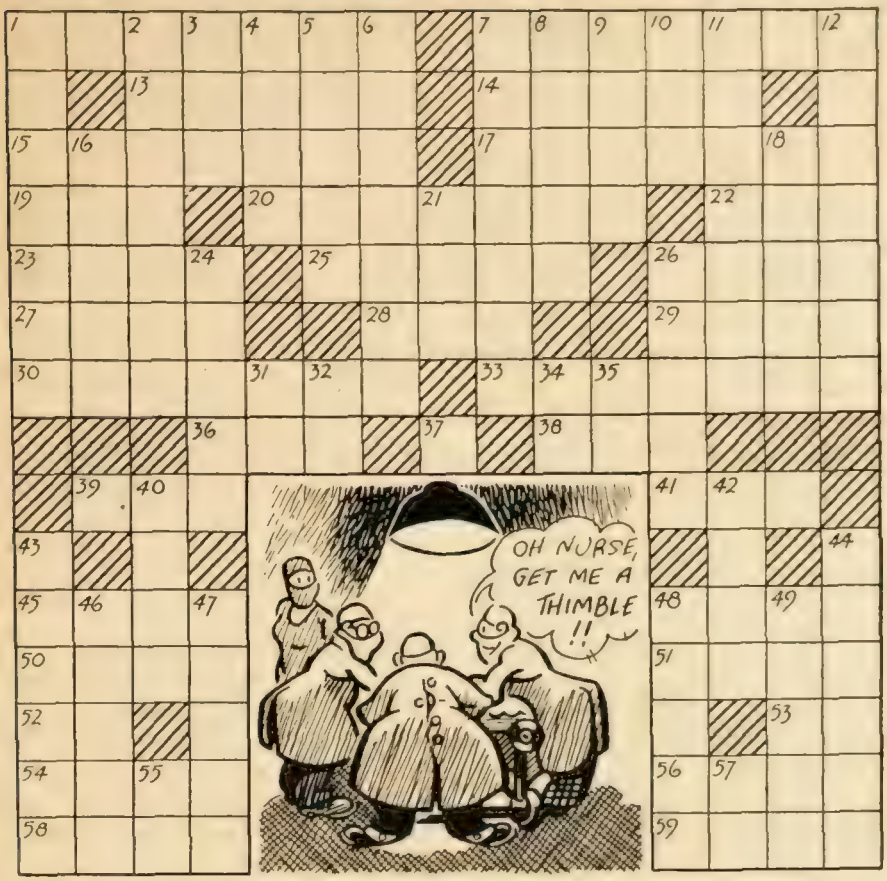
"Order in the co't! Order in the co't! Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Hey, you! Everybody stand up. Heah comes the judge!"

Judge Mangin took his place on the bench. The bailiff hammered with his gavel and the spectators reseated themselves—restlessly. The clerk of court rose and his thin voice piped through the sudden hush that fell over the crowd.

"Calling the next case," he announced: "The State versus Christopher Blake."

And thus began one of the most thrilling court-room scenes ever portrayed. The dramatic battle between Carey Marshal and Hamp Baxter for the life of Chris Blake—and an astounding surprise—make next week's installment one of the outstanding chapters in this great novel.

CROSS WORDS



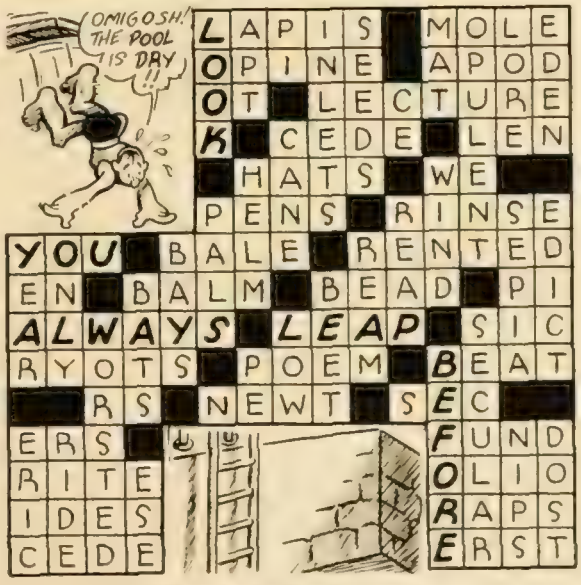
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested by the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Physicians
7 Introduced
13 Pertaining to Rome
14 To entrap
15 The United States
17 Throat tissues
19 Anything growing thickly
20 A white ant
22 Perceive
23 By word of mouth
25 Disreputable
26 An emperor
27 A number
28 A sect (abbr.)
29 To eject
30 Wilderness (pl.)
33 Seals
36 King (French)
37 Indefinite article
38 A wooden peg
39 A filthy place
41 To soak in
45 Subdue
48 A relish (colloq.)
50 Angers
51 Applaud
52 Type genus (abbr.)
53 Girl's nickname
54 Third power (math.)
56 A sly look
58 To heed
59 Other

VERTICAL

1 A gem
2 Natives of Crete
3 Pointed hill
4 Leave out
5 Tribes
6 Those who insnare
7 Unseasonable (obs.)
8 Soiled with soot
9 To sharpen
10 Suffix: female
11 To publish again
12 Abandons
16 Girl's name
18 Slightest
21 Chart
24 Suspicious
26 Two-legged gripping instruments
31 Recto (abbr.)
32 Note of scale
34 Not out
35 Depart
40 Rhythm
42 Elliptical
43 A pass of a needle
44 To desire with eagerness
46 Discuss
47 Narrow ridge of sandy drift
48 To mount
49 Rescues
55 Barium (abbr.)
57 The (Sp.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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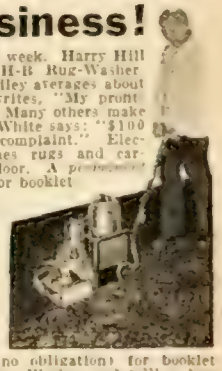

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VOX POP

A CIRCUS AGENT ON FARM RELIEF

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Have read with great interest your editorials on NRA.

For many years I have been a general agent for circuses and other shows, and we always made plenty of money when the farmers were making a living. When 50 per cent of our population are broke, factories, stores, shows, and every one else has to go broke with them.

If a minimum price could be put on the money crop, the same as they pegged wheat at two dollars top and are now doing for the cleaners and others, every one would have money; but as long as the farmer is getting nothing for milk, hogs, beef, cotton, wheat, etc., we will never get anywhere with NRA, banking reforms, or anything else.

Every show made big money this fall wherever they had tobacco—rural sections or manufacturing tobacco cities.—*W. H. (Bill) Rice.*

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT JEAN HARLOW

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I have just read the title of the biography The Private Life and Loves of Jean Harlow, and disgusted is a mild word to describe my feelings.

If you are going in for biographies, why not give those of the hard-boiled captains of finance, industry, and the builders of our country? Maybe we readers could learn something from personal incidents in their lives which might be applicable to our present-day 1934 needs.—*L. W. Davies, M. D.*

JANE IS AGAINST BLOOD AND THUNDER—

ALBANY, N. Y.—You have too many stories in Liberty about bloodthirsty Hell Hounds and such trash. — *Jane L. Armstrong.*

—AND BRYAN IS FOR IT!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Have been taking Liberty for the past seven years and always thought it was pretty good; but now I think it's taming down.

Why not get some more good stories in it like Hell Hounds! or something else exciting instead of turning it into a Ladies' Home Journal?—*Bryan McKay.*

A NEW FLAG IN 1937?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In reference to Jay Franklin's article, Will Congress Raise Hell?—in December 30 Liberty—why should our Republican minority raise hell? Why do they not get behind the Democratic majority and help the country out of its present condition?

Now is the time for the Republicans to get behind the Democrats and hold the country together (as well as to hold their own partners together).

If the Republicans do not get behind the Democrats there will be a different flag flown three years from now, followed by the regular followers of the Republican and Democratic flags.

Politicians should stop, look, and listen to public sentiment. The writer believes, as millions of others do, that our President Franklin D. Roosevelt is sincere in his endeavors to help the little man, the 95 per cent of our country.

Does not big business realize that they must let up on the old high-pressure methods used in the past?

The little man has nothing left for big business to take; therefore it is up to big business to let the little man get on his feet before there is no more big business.—*J. Harford Hollen.*

★ ★ ★ ★

FOUR-STAR LETTER

BOSTON, MASS.—It is apparent that Rupert Hughes's recent article Fingerprint Everybody! is of value. He offers incontrovertible evidence of the widespread existence of crime, and that it has become woven into our social fabric. However, from the constructive point of view, his contribution is of practically no value whatsoever. He fails to deal with the causes of crime.

Mr. Hughes's suggestion that every one be fingerprinted is based upon a fallacious assumption that mere rules and regulations eradicate a given unhealthy social condition, a proposition glaringly disproved by the experiment of national prohibition.

However, assuming that identification of criminals were the major problem involved, which as you note from this letter I consider as nothing compared with the problem of changing our civilization into one which does not serve as a fertile breeding ground of crime, let me say that universal fingerprinting would not serve its purpose. It is seldom that a fingerprint, on the object grasped, is found that is anywhere near the quality of a fingerprint taken as a person's record. The print found is usually partially obliterated. Smudges may be caused by physical contact of the object with other substances and result even from movement of the finger in grasping or releasing the object.

The characteristics of the print depend on the manner in which the object is touched or grasped. For example, light contact may make one sort of print and firm contact a different one, because in one case a smaller surface of the finger touches the object than in the other case; the inside of the thumb makes a different impression than the tip, etc. The expert cannot even attempt comparison unless he is furnished with prints of the suspect. Suppose he is furnished an object having thereon only the print of one finger and has no clue as to who the suspect is, how is it possible for him to compare that print with those on thousands of cards indexed under a ten-finger system?

Another thing: fingerprints can be duplicated easily and an innocent man framed. If 140,000,000 people were fingerprinted there would be prints so closely resembling one another that the method of identification would be rendered even more unreliable than it already is. The huge volume of records would have to be constantly reclassified, due to the annual death and disappearance of thousands; otherwise the authorities would be unknowingly comparing the prints of the living with those of the dead—a rather ridiculous and fruitless process. The cost of such a system would add stupendously to the taxpayers' burden, and we have already too many bureaus and employees thereof on the public pay roll whose work is of no value. Professional crooks and gunmen take good care to use gloves when doing their dirty work. The authorities know who they are and where they are. Finally, after indicting the criminal we are still faced with the vast problem of convicting him.

Gadgets and machines do not of themselves make a civilization great, nor do better statutes, rules of procedure, and methods of identification of criminals result in enforcement of the law, though they may improve the situation. The men operating the machinery of justice in the last analysis determine the quality thereof.

I believe that in the American mind leadership and social responsibility are synonymous terms. The great bulk of society will then, having decent standards to which to adhere, follow suit. The professional crook and racketeer will have little upon which to feed, and those of his kind who do not starve will be reduced to petty activities easy to cope with.—*William H. Lewis, Jr., Former Special Assistant United States Attorney, Southern District of New York and District of Massachusetts.*

Mr. Lewis gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER ASKS A QUESTION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have read with much interest Still Alive—and Kicking, in Liberty of December 30 issue. In one point I think Mr. Beloff inconsistent:

He states that while he has told you his real name he cannot disclose it publicly because his sisters are still in Russia. By implication he fears Soviet reprisals. He states the post held by his father during the Russo-Japanese War and even lists periodicals in which mention of his father is made. *Does he not think now that the Soviet has access to such records?* To disclose that much is quite the same as telling the Reds who his sisters are. In other words, he informs his enemies (assuming that he correctly states his father's position) and makes a mystery of himself only to your readers.—*John Eoghan Kelly, Captain, U. S. A. Military Intelligence (Reserve).*

IT PAYS TO BE ONE'S SELF

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have been a constant reader of Liberty since 1925. May I pay my most sincere compliments to the publication of one weekly magazine? And to the article, Youth Finds Out, by Wallace Irwin in the issue of December 16, especially the descriptive power of painting a picture of this present modern age, of how much it pays a person to be one's natural self.—*Margaret Austin.*

WHEN, MR. BEDFORD-JONES?

EVANSTON, ILL.—The many thousands of your readers who so greatly enjoyed H. Bedford-Jones's story of Georgei Beloff, Still Alive, were thrilled with Beloff to find that Scriabin escaped execution.

I understand Scriabin is not so far away, but dares not publish his whereabouts. We are most anxiously awaiting Mr. Jones's second story—I mean Scriabin's story as being Still Alive. When are you going to let us have it?

An enthusiastic reader.—*L. Castleman.*

YOU CAN HAVE TEN MILLION—BUT NO MORE!

FORT WORTH, TEX.—In my opinion, what America needs today is a courageous New-Dealer who will champion the cause of the common people by limiting the size of fortunes to ten million dollars or thereabouts. Write that into the Constitution and we shall forever do away with man-made depressions such as the present. The government could take the millions and billions thus obtained and put every idle man in the country to work without adding a thin dime of taxes. We would then have such prosperity and contentment among the masses as this nation has not heretofore witnessed in its history.—*W. R. Howard.*

THE ARTISTS WILL BLESS YOU FOR THIS SUGGESTION

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.—I am wondering why you never give the girls a break and paint some good-looking he-men pictures on your covers of Liberty.—*Lulu.*

DON'T WE GET AROUND?

FJÄLLBACKA, SWEDEN — Five thousand miles from the old home town but still reading Liberty. Received forty-two copies to date from kind relatives and enjoy them immensely.

Your articles on economics and politics are particularly interesting.—*Lawrence Victor.*

WE CAN'T EAT IT ALL

FULTON, MO.—Mr. Danziger, in December 30 Vox Pop, could not see that the "surplus" of grain was a cause for low prices because the crop was not as large as in years when the price had been higher. Mr. Danziger forgot that the "surplus" depends not only on the amount we raise but on the amount we can export, and had he subtracted our diminishing volume of exports of grains and meats (to include them also), he would have found how vastly the surplus had increased in recent years. For all that we cannot export we must consume at home if it is marketed at all. And the quantity for home consumption has greatly increased in recent years.

Further, never at any time did we consume all we raised of meat and grains. We exported it and grew rich thereby, but now our export of these is down to almost nothing. Should we raise all we could, we would have such a surplus on hand that all agricultural products of all kinds would be drugs on the market, not bringing enough for the cost of production, and all farmers would be bankrupt. And it is this which has bankrupted so many already. *No amount of home consumption can consume what we can raise,* nor anywhere near it.—*D. S. Gage, Professor of Philosophy, Westminster College.*

THE SIZE OF LOS ANGELES AGAIN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In the letter from Frisco Slim in Vox Pop of December 30, those boys mixed up their cities and square miles.

Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, is the capital of the islands. The island of Oahu is 598 square miles.

The Territory of Hawaii is only 6,406 square miles. Los Angeles, by repeated annexation of territory, is now the largest city in area in the United States, with 442.5 square miles.

Yugoslav yahoo, right or wrong!—*Van Kelly.*

CALLS MARINES SEAGOING BELL HOPS

DURANGO, COLO.—The pop in your November 18 issue from the sailor in Haiti seems to have rather disturbed the Marine Corps.

I have always understood the United States paid its employees just what they were worth, and if that is the case a marine is worth just $17.65 per month—although I believe it to be $17 too much.

A navy man draws more pay because his job is more technical and it requires a greater measure of intelligence to master the intricate parts of a vessel. He is a vital part of a great fighting machine and he is required to have a thorough knowledge of his entire organization.

You can take any cow hand and in about thirty days of strenuous training turn him into a fair marine. Teach him his left foot from his right and how to follow at the heels of a colonel, admiral, or captain in the capacity of a seagoing bell hop.

To the big bad marine from Quantico: Look up a few dates and find out when the Continental Congress first authorized arming of vessels for protection from Britain. A horse blanket to you, big boy.

You fellows made a mistake signing your Vox Pop "A Leatherneck."—*An Old-Time Flatfoot.*

A LADY LAUGHS AT SAILORS AND MARINES

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—May a member of the feminine sex add a few words to Vox Pop regarding the battle between the marines and the navy which has been merrily going on in your columns for some time?

To the one who signs himself A Leatherneck, and Proud of It:

In war or peace time, the marines have a record which justifies pride to a certain extent. For sheer courage and determination they are to be commended. But why try to impress it on the navy? Boys, it just can't be done!

And now to John Gob: If the marine's fault is pride, yours is intolerance. You feel that you are looked down upon, and naturally resent it. This resentment takes form in a general attitude of truculence and an air of being ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Why not leave the marines alone?

As long as the navy and the Marine Corps continue to exist we will have these controversies, but at least they do prove of some amusement to one who can see both sides.—*Annabelle Lee.*

"SUNNY STATE" PFOO!—THEY'RE BUYING UMBRELLAS

DENVER, COLO.—I have just read in your December 30 issue an amusing commentary by Harry Alley, Jr., of Oakland, California, anent your "amusing cover" of November 25 by Thrasher.

He informs us that it gives him the jitters to see Eastern college boys dressed like Eskimos while they root for their alma maters, and adds—and this is really funny: "Why don't you Easterners come out to California sometime—any time—and see us practically in our underwear the year around?"

I just came from there and I can vouch for the latter statement. You're lucky to have underwear in California! That's why there are so many nudist colonies springing up in the "sunny state."

As for the climate, all I can say is, pfoo!—*W. J. Evans.*

EASTERNERS NOT ALLURED

MADISON, CONN.—Three lusty Bronx cheers for Harry Alley, Jr., that Californian who thinks fur coats are so funny. Thanks for the invitation, Harry, but where did you get the idea that any of us Easterners care enough about seeing you "practically in your underwear" to travel all that distance, when we can stay home and buy a funny paper for a nickel?—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

ANY MORE SOLUTIONS?

WABASH, IND.—May I differ with the Princess, who says she was caught on the "how to spell soak, joke, folk, and white-of-an-egg" riddle? I used it some years ago in a newspaper column and you spell the white of an egg a-l-b-u-m-e-n: not w-h-i-t-e, as the Princess said. White is the color of albumen, as yellow is the color of the yolk of an egg.—*EWH.*

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE VARIETY

SWIFTSURE BANK LIGHTSHIP—I see Mazo de la Roche is going rather climatic in the December 23 issue. From a "sun-gilded sea" she shifts easily to a "sudden squall," and then to a "driving storm of sleet and snow."

Just an unbeliever.—*Dick.*

GETTING THE INDEX TO SETTLE DOWN

HOUSTON, TEX.—Don't let your Contents usurp the Vox Pop space. Have a settled place for the index. I am an invalid and have read Liberty since the first issue.—*Mrs. C. F. Terfinger.*

O'REILLY GIVES READERS A THRILL

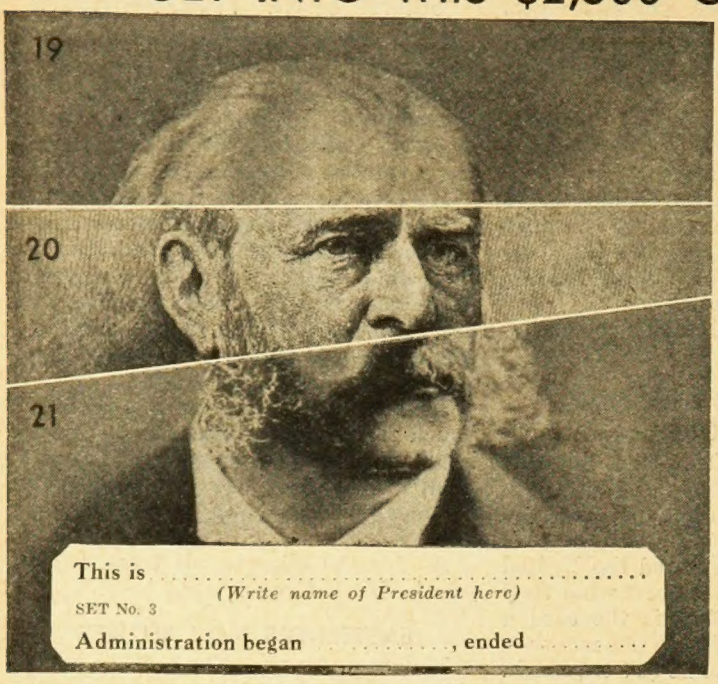
PANAMA CITY, R. P.—I have been reading Sam Dreben's story by Tex O'Reilly, and I think it one of the most interesting serials I have ever read in Liberty, with the exception of Born to Raise Hell.

Please let us have some more.

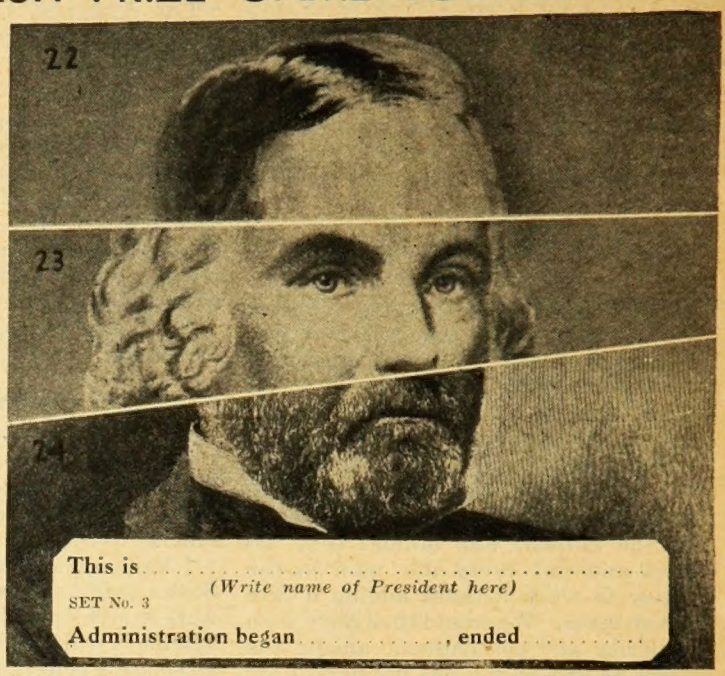
Liberty is giving lots of thrills and emotion to its readers with this type of reading matter. Keep it up.—*C. E. Clarke.*

Who Are These Presidents?

GET INTO THIS $2,500 CASH PRIZE GAME TODAY!



THE FOREHEAD *is of a Secretary of State for one of the first three Presidents; the eyes and nose are of a native of Ohio; the mouth and chin are of a native of Vermont.*



THE FOREHEAD *is of a graduate of Union College; the eyes and nose are of a descendant of a Chesapeake Bay land-patent holder; the mouth and chin are of one known as "one of the best horsemen in the army."*

HERE is the third set of puzzle pictures in Liberty's $2,500 cash prize game of Presidents. Have you started your set of solutions yet? When the cash prize awards are announced will you read your name among the winners? Your chance to win is excellent. Think of receiving a check for $500 or $200 or $100 or one of the 270 other cash prizes! There is still time to enter!

ASK FOR SETS 1 AND 2

If you did not save the first two sets of pictures you can still enter this contest. A request for these first six pictures should be mailed to the address given in Rule 6 below. They will be forwarded to you without delay. Solving them will put you even with the field. More pictures next week.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

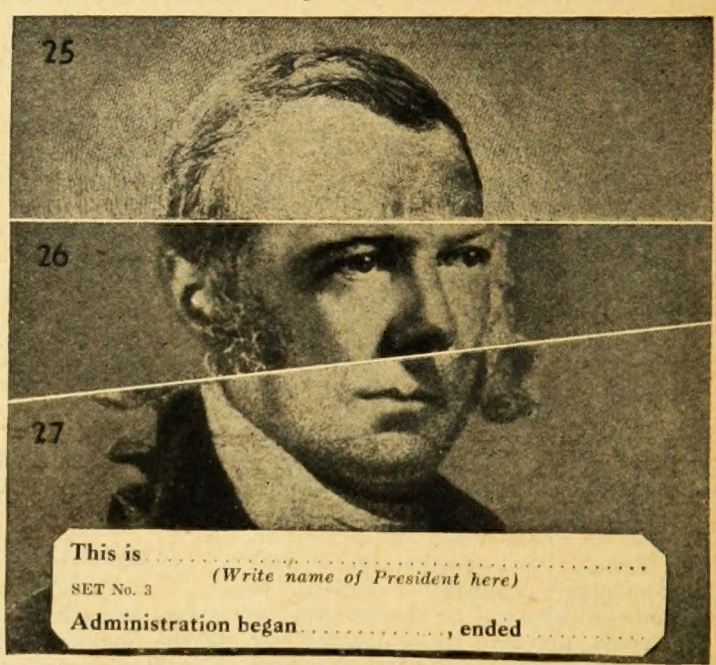
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



THE FOREHEAD *is of one who lost a fortune in the banking business; the eyes and nose are of a Collector of the Port of New York; the mouth and chin are of a graduate of Princeton.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE THIRD SET OF THE SERIES. THE FOURTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

A Nice *Quiet* House

A Short Short Story

By JEAN STARK

(Reading time: 4 minutes 10 seconds.)

DEAR AUNT SALLY,

You needn't have written me such a malevolent letter. Couldn't you even give me time to unpack? And what's the idea of sending me riding pants? What shall I use for a horse, to say nothing of money? Never mind; don't tell me. (Pardon me a moment while I go see who it is my Josie has just murdered in this nice quiet apartment house that real-estate gyp rented me part of.)

Ten minutes later:

My maid, Josie, has just had a row with the occupant below. It seems she emptied our dustpan on his head and it irked him.

"The narsty hobject," said Josie. "'Ow'd Hi know 'e'd driped 'imself hall hover 'is window, down below? 'Ow'd Hi know 'e hain't workin' this time of noon, like hany respectable gent?"

"He's a major," I said. "The janitor's wife told me. Majors don't ever work. Josie, is he good-looking? I could do with a handsome major in my life."

But Josie went into screams at this and said he had a face exactly like a fried apple.

Hoping you are the same and good night, from your working-girl niece, BLINKY.

POP, DEAR—or would you rather I were polite and wrote *Poppa?*

Well, anyhow, your congratulations on my having a job are not only ill-timed but a source of irritation to me. There was nothing the matter with the job, only with the man who hired me. I lured lots of customers into his antique shop for hooked rugs with the letters and advertisements I wrote, but by the end of the third week he was telling me his wife didn't understand him. And he tried to kiss me behind the Paisley shawls, and so there you are. Or, rather, here I am, jobless on account of my fatal charms.

How's to loan a girl ten bucks? Anyway ninety or 100?

Love from your dolling daughter, BLINKY

DEAR MOM,

Listen. Why have you never taught me to cook? Why all this concentration in my youth on dancing school and stiff hair ribbons when here I am today, longing to plant hydrangeas in my own garden and for a man to do the planting that I can adore? Adore the man, I mean. What good does it do me to read the Odyssey in Latin and maybe Greek when I am too polite to curl up successfully into a man's lamp. *Lap*, I mean. (It's this typewriter. Nothing I have ever works—typewriters, vacuum cleaners, pipe organs if I had them.) Speaking of cleaners, my Josie broke ours and took it down to the major to fix. I was astounded. "I thought he reminded you of fried apples," I said.

But she was deaf to all this. "Me? No, ma'am," she replied blissfully. "'E's 'orrible 'andsome."

If I don't get a job soon, I'll either have to go home and park with you or get married. I don't know why I should love you two so much.

BLINKY.

DEAREST MOTHER AND DAD,

I intend to "accept a position" at any moment now. It all seems a dream. I slept like an angel one night some three weeks ago, and suddenly I woke. And what hung over me but a gangster! Just like the movies! "Your money or your pearls!" he hissed. Words to that effect, anyhow. I let out a yelp that could have been heard in Ohio. I leaped from my bed and fled to the door. He got out first, and you never heard such goings-on while both of us fell downstairs and practically on to the major, who was brandishing a pistol in one hand and a wet Turkish towel in the other. Seems he was climbing out of his tub at my scream of distress and darn' near broke his neck coming to my rescue. The burgling wretch is now in the hoosegow and I have seen the major every night since. He said that with my hair flying and my beautiful eyes so frightened I was something to make a man's heart turn over. Maybe so, but the orchid-satin nightgown helped. Aunt Sally sent it to me because I kicked about the riding pants.

He won't go to Chicago. Hates it. So you'd better come here and look him over. I must know if he is really my hero or if I am seeing things the way I do when I am running a temperature. On the other hand, if this be fever, what's it to you? Didn't both of you tell me to go into the world and be a useful woman and quit breaking my neck on falling horses? So there's no point in your gumming up the works now. Wire me immediately what train you are coming on. Or what plane. The major has flewn a plane, too. *Flown*, I mean. It must be spring.

Give me a decent typewriter for a wedding present. And ribbons for it if you ever expect to hear again from your BLINKY.

P.S. No, make it orchid nightgowns. I want his heart to turn over for a long time.

THE END

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THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

ALWAYS *the Finest Tobacco and* ONLY *the Center Leaves*